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NOTES OF THE WEEK

WITH the Easter Recess, all eyes are on the Chancellor. What does he mean to do for over-burdened industry and individuals? With the prospects of the coming Budget we deal at some length elsewhere. The salient point to be noted is that a reduction of direct taxation, now an elementary necessity if trade is to revive, has been rendered doubly difficult by Mr. Snowden's useless remissions of indirect taxation last year. Mr. Churchill has a difficult task. The humdrum budget foreshadowed by his predecessor as the right one in the circumstances is not to be expected. Mr. Churchill is not a humdrum person.

A SHILLING OFF?

Despite his puny surplus and the modest sum he has been able to save on the new estimates, he is likely to offer the country a substantial reduction, and he will be right to take the risk. Nothing less than a shilling off the income-tax is bold enough in the circumstances. It is our belief that the benefit accruing to trade from such a reduction, and through trade to the Treasury, would fully

justify such far-sighted budgeting. Mr. Churchill has been bold before: we trust his nerve will not fail him on this occasion.

SOCIALISTS AND THE BUDGET

Socialist criticism of the probable reduction in the income-tax is designed to represent all demands for such reduction as proceeding from mere selfishness. What is meant when the cry is for less income-tax is, the Socialists tell us, only increase in personal income. But, though the Socialists seem to be unaware of it, there are only two ways of dealing with the surplus of income over normal expenditure: one is spending it, which helps trade, and the other is saving it, which also helps trade. For money is not saved in stockings or safes, but going into banks becomes, whether the person who saved it so desires or not, the means of financing commercial and industrial enterprise. If Socialists knew their own business, the last thing they would desire is the lowering of the taxable capacity of the nation before they are in a position to impose their confiscatory taxation. They should object to it exactly as a highwayman disliked preliminary exactions at the turnpike.

Everything's right—
if it's a

Remington
TYPEWRITER

First in 1873—
First to-day!

THE FRENCH CRISIS

M. Herriot might easily have fallen at any time during the last five days. As we write it looks as if he were to have a respite, though how his Government is finally to extricate itself from the present series of complications remains obscure. The difficulties which have for some time confronted him came to a head on Thursday of last week when the Premier disowned his Finance Minister, and the latter, with a mild show of indignation, abandoned his post. It is no easy matter to be Finance Minister in post-war France. The emphasis of French politics is thrown upon foreign affairs, and the Prime Minister now almost automatically installs himself at the Foreign Office. No Premier thinks of assuming the portfolio of finance, yet sooner or later each ministry discovers finance to be the weak point in its front, and the Finance Minister has to assume command. Too seldom is he a person of sufficient authority in Parliament and the country to be able to rally the Government behind him. M. Poincaré threw overboard the amiable M. de Lasteyrie: M. Herriot has cast out M. Clémentel. It remains to be seen whether M. Herriot will survive his lieutenant for a longer period than M. Poincaré outlived his.

THE "VOLUNTARY LEVY"

The new Finance Minister, M. de Monzie, has lost no time in evolving schemes to meet the perilous moments which will confront the Treasury this year when some twenty milliards of floating debt have to be repaid or renewed. There are two possible methods of meeting this liability in such a way as not merely to put off the evil day for a few months longer. One is to raise a capital levy and extinguish the debt. We hardly need to be told in Great Britain what perils are attendant upon such a project, though it needs to be noted that what Englishmen acquiesce in paying as income-tax and super-tax would probably be accounted a capital levy by the standards prevalent in France. The other method is to raise a long-term conversion loan. MM. Herriot and de Monzie have chosen the middle way by proposing a semi-voluntary loan to be subscribed to proportionately by all holders of capital, and to bear an artificially low rate of interest. Fairly well assured of getting through the Chamber, the project is almost bound to be rejected by the Senate. The ensuing deadlock will be one for which the French constitution provides no satisfactory issue.

THE EFFECT ON POLICY

For Great Britain the main concern is how the survival or collapse of M. Herriot will effect the Security negotiations which have now reached such a delicate point. What if Poincarism returns to the saddle? We incline to the optimistic calculation that no successor to M. Herriot can afford to adopt a very different attitude. It is from a similar standpoint that we survey the complex German position. The Luther-Stresemann Government has earned the approval of Europe by its vigorous and enlightened effort to lead German-Allied relations into new and pleasanter paths. But we must not forget what interminable negotiations and bargainings brought it into existence, nor what seething discontent prevails among

sections of its nominal supporters. The Nationalist abandonment of Dr. Jarres as "United Right" candidate for the Presidency after his failure at the first poll, their frantic attempt to enlist Hindenburg as candidate on their behalf, and their present bewildered irresolution all react unfavourably on the cohesion of the present Cabinet. As regards the strict issue of the Presidency, the polling of April 26 ought to witness the election, by a tolerable majority, of the excellent but somewhat nerveless Dr. Marx. But a fortnight may bring any number of surprises.

HOUSE OF LORDS REFORM

The idea is being encouraged that reform of the House of Lords, or, rather, the restoration of our genuinely bi-cameral system, must wait. The Government, it is argued, cannot, or at least should not, spare a moment from more urgent matters, in regard to which it has a more definite mandate, for any alteration in the composition of the House of Lords or any revival of its historic authority. If Conservatives listen to such advice they will wholly miss the opportunity of dealing with the House of Lords. For our part, we think the question cannot be taken up too soon, since reconstitution of the House of Lords and restoration of its power cannot be carried through rapidly or without all the prestige which this Government now enjoys, but which, like every other Government, it will gradually lose.

LORD BIRKENHEAD'S PROPOSALS

We are heartily glad that a vigorous and sensible lead in this matter of the reform of the House of Lords has already been given by Lord Birkenhead. He has shown wisdom in refraining from a detailed scheme at this stage, and still more wisdom in setting his face against the notion that the House of Lords could be better fitted for its responsibilities by making it in part or wholly a body elected by special constituencies. There is no need to break with the past or to abandon the hereditary principle. All that is required is to exclude the backwoodsmen, who take no regular part in the work of the House but can occasionally be whipped in to vote, and to provide some means whereby Labour can have its spokesmen in the House. But the reformed House must have its lost powers restored, at least in part. There need be no fear of democratic hostility to such restoration if it is pointed out that a strong second chamber is necessary to us simply because the British Constitution alone provides no automatic checks on the whims of a temporary majority in the popular chamber.

THE DEBATE ON SOCIALISM

The debate on Socialism in the Commons on Tuesday evening was no nearer reality than other debates on this subject. Sir Alfred Mond, more in sorrow than in anger, demolished the academic structure of the Socialist theory in a shattering speech: he has established a reputation as "star turn" on such occasions. Mr. Dunnico's speech seconding the Labour Resolution won applause by reason of its sincerity, not of its logic. His remarks are worth some attention as an instance

of the false reasoning on which so many of the detractors of Capitalism base their case. Industry has reached the stage, he said, at which instead of one man knowing ten trades it takes ten men to know one trade, and he proceeded to argue that because individualism in production had passed away, individualism in control should pass away too. By what law of gods or men? The passing of individualism in production it is useless to deplore; but how shall its passing be remedied by abolishing individualism in control? Two minuses do not make a plus in political economy. The fact actually is that individualism in control has already largely disappeared under the existing system. To remove it altogether would be to magnify the blemishes that result from its partial removal without gaining anything in return.

FACTORIES v. NIGHT CLUBS

Our expectations with regard to the Factories Bill have been fulfilled, and we congratulate the Government on the announcement that this measure is to be pushed forward and passed into law during the Session. That the change of plan should necessitate the postponement of the Night Clubs Bill is not, we think, a matter for regret. Exactly why the Home Secretary should have been so anxious to deal with night clubs we never quite understood. The police have quite as many duties imposed upon them as they can properly perform, and in our opinion no useful purpose could be served by giving them further powers in the matter of night clubs. If further powers were to be given to the police, on what ground of equity could exception be made in the case of private dances or private entertainments? What the electorate is waiting for is legislation that will meet some of our pressing economic difficulties, not legislation that will give further work to the police without any corresponding benefit to the people. In the same category as the Night Clubs Bill we would place the suggested invasion of private houses to search for wireless apparatus, and we can only hope that this proposal will also be dropped.

THE INDIAN SERVICES

It is satisfactory to learn that those Services which were not benefited by the Lee Report are to have their serious grievances considered by Lord Birkenhead when Lord Reading reaches this country. Efforts are being made, by Lord Birkenhead's wish, to stimulate recruiting, primarily for the Indian Civil Service, strictly so-called, but similar efforts are needed in respect of the other Services also. In neither case can any permanent good be done unless the conditions of work in India are made attractive. And as to the appeals to recruits, we should like to see them freed from clap-trap about the peculiar nobility of going out to India as a target for abuse instead, as in the old bad days, as an administrator. The main attraction of India was that it offered an opportunity of making history, though of a sort that would never be read here. The present invitation is to go out and sweep up the mess of self-government under persistent scolding by those who made it. It can be made financially worth

while, but it is hypocrisy to assert that there is any moral glory in the job.

MOSCOW, AMSTERDAM AND LONDON

When the Council of the Amsterdam International last met, the British representatives were in a minority, and indeed almost alone, in wishing to deal without stipulations with Moscow. Now our Trade Unionists have invited to London half a dozen Russian Trade Unionists to talk over the possibility of associating the Russian Unions with Amsterdam. Naturally, the utmost possible is being done to prevent this meeting in London from looking like a gesture of defiance directed at Amsterdam; but it shows pretty clearly that some of our Trade Unionists would rather risk charges of disloyalty to Amsterdam, which is to say to European Trade Unionism in general, than keep aloof from Russian Communists. There is really nothing to discuss. Amsterdam laid down conditions, and the Russians have only to accept or reject them. If the Russians have travelled to London, it is not for academic discussion about Amsterdam but to stimulate Communism among British workers. Efforts in the cause of "Internationalism" that will jeopardize the friendship of the ninety and nine in order to woo the erring hundredth are altogether too quixotic for our appreciation.

RE-ENTER THE AIRSHIP

The successful re-launching of the airship R.33 has been heralded in the Press with an excess of optimism which can only do harm to the cause it is intended to further. The emergence of the airship from its shed at Cardington after an intermission of three and a half years is indeed an important event: it marks an epoch of renewed airship activity full of promise for the future of lighter-than-air aviation in this country. But the promise has yet to be fulfilled. And while the results of the experiments to which the R.33 is being subjected can hardly fail to prove of great value in the construction of the proposed new vessels, it is merely foolish to write—as certain aeronautical "experts" have done—as though the experiments were already complete, their results successfully embodied in new types of airship, and those airships themselves, after exhaustive trials, already on their maiden voyages to India.

THE NATION'S PLAYING FIELDS

Warm commendation is due to the public men and sportsmen who put forth the scheme for a central organization which would co-ordinate efforts to provide playing fields adequate in size and number to the needs of the great cities. Here in London, last season, out of 1,400 requests for football facilities made to the London County Council, only 200 could be granted; and we estimate, taking the young population of all the cities, that only one-tenth of those who would play football and cricket can be accommodated. Admirable work has already been done by many local bodies, but central direction is undoubtedly needed, and we hope that the National Playing Fields Association will be generously supported.

MR. CHURCHILL'S CHANCE

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S Socialist predecessor has lately suggested, in a newspaper, that every financial circumstance points to a commonplace Budget, but that the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, being the man he is, is likely to depart from the sobriety indicated by the conditions under which the Budget is being framed. Mr. Churchill is indeed that bugbear of conventional politicians, a man whose actions cannot be easily predicted. There is in him, for good and evil, something incalculable, and we shall not attempt to guess the very closely guarded secrets of his Budget. But it will not be impertinent to submit one or two principles which should determine the general character of a Budget put forward by a Conservative Government at the present time.

In the first place, to consider what the Budget should not be, there is no excuse for a vote-catching Budget. The austerer among us will at once say that there never is, but parties have to get into power and to stay there if they are to do any good, and until the electorate is wholly composed of wise and selfless persons there will from time to time be some sort of excuse for the financial policy which, without inflicting any very serious damage on the nation, gratifies the cupidity or the envy of some body of voters. We may cry out on such a policy, but there will always, this side of the millennium, be those who defend it in private and Chancellors who are tempted to adopt it. And indeed when a party is engaged in preaching that capital should be penalized, if not confiscated, it is hardly in a position to repudiate vindictive taxation, while the doctrine that the worker deserves more than his work is worth implies that it must be provided for him out of the pockets of capitalists. But Conservatism cannot for a moment countenance any taxation designed to punish one class or to pamper another.

Nor is it in the least tempted, in present circumstances, to buy popularity. Anxious as the situation of a Conservative Chancellor is to-day, at least he is absolutely free to look at financial proposals simply as such, without any pressure on him to make finance the instrument of social revolution or a means of purchasing votes. There is no inducement for him to emulate Mr. Snowden's exploit of sacrificing a large revenue in order to give the masses temporary and largely illusory relief in regard to an article of universal consumption like tea. He is not urged by any colleague or any reputable section of his following to surrender money needed by the State in order that playgoers and cinema frequenters may be partly relieved of entertainment tax. He need not pause to consider whether this boon or that will be most generally appreciated, but may content himself with asking which will be most generally beneficial.

That the nation urgently needs some relief admits of no argument. The question is whether whatever relief may be found possible—and it can hardly be very great—should be through mitigation of a number of imposts, giving to many classes the sensation of having received direct concession, or through some change of demand which goes to one of the chief sources of trouble, even though it may give a pretext for criticism to those who in

advance suspect Mr. Churchill of being insufficiently democratic in sympathy. To put it concretely, the question is whether Mr. Churchill should take a mere 6d. off the income-tax and thereby leave himself the means of making certain other concessions, or should concentrate on taking 1s. off the income-tax. In our view, half-measures here will be unwise. That taxation is vicious which loses the State substantial revenue without giving the taxpayer substantial relief, and that is what would happen if the income-tax were lightened by no more than 6d.

A shilling off the income-tax would doubtless provoke Socialist outcry. The intellectuals of that party have lately discovered that he who asks for less income-tax is in fact asking for larger personal income; and they stand awe-struck before the great truth, so suddenly discovered by them, that if the State takes less from a man he has more. But this is hardly the last word on the matter. Of all forms of taxation, direct taxation is the severest. It deprives its victim of all choice as to how he shall make his contribution to the exchequer, and when at all harsh is peculiarly depressing. Merely as a tonic to the nation's spirits, appreciable relief from income-tax is very desirable at the present time. But, of course, the chief argument for such relief is that it would conduce to a revival of trade and industry, directly and indirectly. Relief, to the extent of a shilling, on large incomes would obviously help towards a revival of production and export. But it would do so also where small incomes are in question because it would be relief of the sort that leads to saving, relief that leaves the recipient of it with a lump sum worth saving, worth investing. Minute and wide-spread relief in indirect taxation does nothing of the sort. As a matter of arithmetic there is nothing to choose between fifty pounds left with the taxpayer in respect of one demand and fifty pounds accruing to him through his having to pay a penny less per lb. on this and a half-penny less a lb. on that through all the days of the year; practically, the difference is enormous. The petty savings never do accrue. The infinitesimal daily or weekly saving is simply spent on something else. Is anyone richer to-day because something was taken off tea by Mr. Snowden? Would anyone, with penny postage, store up the saved half-pennies to put them to some serious use?

Mr. Churchill has always understood how to appeal to the imagination of the people. It is to be presumed that he now understands the difference in moral effect between a number of small remissions, of which few people would continue to be aware after a month, and a bold concession under income-tax. The nation not only needs relief; it needs it in the form in which it would most come home to the minds of men and women, and in the form in which it would most effectively stimulate enterprise. He has his chance of doing the big, simple, practical thing. Let him take it.

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CLÉMENTEL AND DE MONZIE

[FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT]

A CERTAIN amount of inflation is necessary in the present condition, not of French finance, but rather of French trade. The paper circulated by the Banque de France in 1914 was not inferior to twelve milliards; the paper at present circulated does not exceed forty-one milliards. If we remember that the cost of living is now four times what it was before the war, and bear in mind that the currency has to rise in proportion to the commercial needs, we find that forty-eight milliards of Bank-notes ought not to be regarded as inflation but as a necessity. This view has consistently been supported by such an all-round Conservative organ as the *Journal des Débats*, and consequently M. Herriot ought not to be reproached with a plan advocated not only by his supporters, but by some of his opponents.

In fact, the chief reproach brought against M. Herriot does not concern his acts, but his personal character, the predominance in his disposition of impulsiveness and rhetoric over sober judgment and a matter-of-fact outlook. His best friends cannot have heard him, without a suppressed shrug, launch the other day into a grandiloquent prosopopeia, "O my country?" while his hearers were eagerly awaiting figures. If his attitude with regard to an increased circulation had been the straight-forward business man's attitude, criticism would be largely disarmed, but it was rather the politician's expediency. The Prime Minister went on repeating that he would admit neither inflation nor loans. Now he did try, four months ago, to float a loan which may have been a failure but was a loan all the same, and to-day he has to print bills which he says do not mean an inflation but in reality mean an inflated circulation.

This is not all. The difficulty between M. Clémentel and his principal was of a not very elevated political nature. M. Herriot, by dint of shilly-shallying and of dressing up the Banque balance-sheets, had persuaded himself that he might put off the evil day till this week, when the Chambers were to adjourn until the end of April. By that time he hoped the electoral campaign for the Municipal Elections, early in May, might be sufficiently advanced to preclude any unpleasant surprise, and he was irritated by the Minister of Finance candidly letting the cat out of the bag. Then the two men differed about the collateral to be suggested when the new Bank-notes were issued. M. Clémentel wanted an increased tax on income, on alcoholic drinks, and on tobacco, which was sound finance. M. Herriot, no doubt under the familiar influence of the Socialist leader, M. Blum, wanted, or was made to want, a 10 per cent. capital levy, which is regarded even by the Radicals as a measure ruinous to the public credit. There is no doubt that the spectacular separation of the two men on April 2 was the outcome of long friction.

There is also a distinctly political side to the appointment of M. de Monzie. Senator de Monzie is a youngish man—just forty-eight—who had recently graduated from the College Stanislas when I arrived there in 1902, and where his memory was still green. He, like Marcel Sembat (Jaurès's lieutenant), like the brothers De Jouvenal,

and like G. de la Fouchardière, represented pretty well the Liberal spirit of the famous Parisian school, so difficult to realize for people who regard a school as a waffle-iron, and will forget that Byron was a Harrovian and Shelley must have had Shelleyan thoughts at Eton. He was disappointing in a way, since the scion of an old Périgord family was not expected to become a Radical-Socialist politician; but he never quite disappointed such of his teachers and school-mates who were used to seeing him prefer the truth to his friends. He scandalizes Conservatives when he advocates recognition of the Soviets and is the guest, as he was this week, of M. Krassine at the Hammer and Scythe Embassy, so different from its old self as it now stands in the rue de Grenelle; but he is a problem to his political brethren when he goes to Rome, as he did recently, has interviews with the Pope and with Cardinal Gasparri, and returns a more decided champion of the Embassy to the Vatican than he was under Poincaré. It takes a man who might have been in the Court minuets to be so ready to dance a *pas seul*, but M. de Monzie is that man.

Now Senator de Monzie is not, like M. Clémentel, a professional financier. He is only a member of the Finance Commission in the Senate. M. Herriot sent for him, in truly Herriot-like spirit, because the champion of the Vatican must be agreeable to the Right, while the champion of the Soviets is sure to be *persona grata* with the Socialists. Of course, it is strange to hear M. Herriot, who set the country ablaze because he would not, for an instant, harbour the idea of an Ambassador to the Vatican, now declare that he is willing to have one if this is necessary to secure M. de Monzie's collaboration; but we are told that the said Ambassador will only be a *chargé d'affaires* with an extended field of action, and here again there will be no real inflation.

The real question is: is this Janus-like policy going to work, or is it, on the contrary, going to precipitate the catastrophe which has long been threatening the Cabinet? M. Herriot seems to have nothing to fear from the Chamber where his majority is enormous, unless he displeases the Socialists and the centre of his majority is displaced towards the Right, in which case M. de Monzie would become a likelier Prime Minister—a possibility of which this acute Southerner is undoubtedly aware. In the Senate things are different. M. Herriot's old guard in the upper assembly is the group of *Gauche Démocratique*, the chairman of which is a regular die-hard of Radicalism, M. Bienvenu-Martin. Now M. Bienvenu-Martin and his friends are antagonistic to both the Embassy to the Vatican and the capital levy, which they have promised their constituents to stave off at any cost. *Hic jacet lepus*. The situation may remain uncertain for some time, for the Senate is not brave, and M. Herriot may not like to cause his own fall, even on the Embassy question. However, it will become clear in a few weeks. The Senate is elected by delegates from the Municipal Councils. Early in May the election will show what kinds of Municipal Councils are returned and, consequently, what shade of recruits the Senate can expect. According to this indication the Senators will act, and the possibility not only of M. Herriot's fall, but of a dissolution of the Chamber, will appear.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

II

House of Commons, Thursday

SUCH is the frailty of human nature that a personal incident can always be relied upon to arouse greater interest among human beings, including Members of Parliament, than a political issue of even the first importance. Such an incident occurred at the end of last week during a singularly uncontroversial debate on the subject of the adoption of children. Lady Astor, speaking on a subject about which she doubtless has sincere convictions, was subjected to a series of interruptions from Mr. Hayday—a Labour Member—which culminated in an insinuation that mothers of the class to which Lady Astor belongs care more for their pet dogs than for their children. Outrageous accusations are best met with the silent contempt they deserve, but silence is not one of those weapons of which Lady Astor has learnt the use. Justly provoked, she turned on her assailant, and in terms not faintly reminiscent of feminine altercation overheard in those places of entertainment to which she herself so particularly objects, she informed the bystanders that if she cared to say all she knew about the Honourable Member and the company he kept, discredit would be reflected upon him and upon the party to which he belonged. Mr. Hayday thought that this was going too far; the Speaker thought so, too; Lady Astor was understood to withdraw, and the incident appeared to be over. But the more Mr. Hayday thought about Lady Astor's innuendo, the less he liked it; so that later in the day he wrote to her, asking for a more unqualified withdrawal.

Lady Astor's first mistake had been made in hot blood and might therefore be pardoned; her second mistake was made in cold blood with the assistance of her private secretary. Her reply to Mr. Hayday amounted to this: she had said all she was going to say, and if he cared to raise the matter again in the House he could. Seeing that she had withdrawn once and was going to withdraw again, this letter was as unwise as it was uncivil. The result was that the whole matter was revived on Monday, when Lady Astor had to eat humble pie with such grace as she could bring to the banquet. Incidentally, she explained that when she had spoken of bad company she had referred to individuals connected with the liquor trade. Honourable Members with a taste for scandal, who thus had their visions of sirens suddenly reduced to terms of brewers, were disappointed.

If the enthusiasts for Scottish Home Rule ever get their way the Parliament at Edinburgh, judging from Monday's debate on Scottish agriculture, will be a very dull assembly. On this occasion about a score of Scottish Members addressed the House on a subject of which Dr. Johnson would have disposed in a sentence. "Scottish agriculture?" we can hear him saying, "Why, sir, there is no such thing!" But Scottish Members were able to discuss it while the hand of the clock stole from four to eleven. English Members mean-

while yawned and fidgetted—or noting the amiability that prevailed and that seemed to preclude the possibility of a division—"folded their tents like the Arabs, and silently stole away."

* * *

On the following days matters assumed once more an air of importance. Mr. Winston Churchill made his first appearance of the year, and he was got up to the life like a Chancellor of the Exchequer. The careful and deliberate manner, the bundles of notes, the avalanche of indisputable statistics, nothing—not even the frock-coat—was lacking to assure us that the greatest quick-change artist of the age had thrown himself body and soul into the new rôle which has been assigned to him. The subject—the recovery of German Reparations—was one that bristled with technicalities. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was not afraid of them. He dealt with figures as to the manner born. "Those damned dots" which so perplexed the father had lost their terror for the son.

* * *

In the evening there was a debate on the theory of Socialism—a debate as academic and as ineffectual as if it had taken place within the Oxford Union, and yet better calculated to fill the House of Commons than a discussion of legislature involving the expenditure of millions. Mr. Windsor opened with a maiden speech that was overweighted with figures, and the Reverend Mr. Dunnico followed in a strain of eloquence that smacked too much of the pulpit. He was disgusted with the world as he found it—a disgust which he shares with many members of all parties—he exposed and deplored the evils of the age with the Celtic fluency of a Welshman, but he forebore to show how Socialism would cure those evils, and when he sat down amid cheers from both sides of the House the millennium was no nearer.

Colonel Spender Clay replied from the Conservative benches, and was ably seconded by Colonel Oliver Stanley, who confirmed in this, his second effort, the favourable impression created by his maiden speech. The effect of his oratory would have been more marked if he had not been followed by Sir Alfred Mond. Sir Alfred was dealing with a subject about which he knows every argument that has ever been put forward on either side, and the answer to that argument, and the reply to that answer, and the flaw in the reply. It was a remarkable speech. There was not a phrase of rhetoric in it. The appeal was direct to reason—and it was an appeal that could not be denied.

The ruddy countenance of Mr. Wheatley turned pale while he listened to this overwhelming onslaught of unanswerable logic. The dark little eyes ceased to twinkle behind the gold-rimmed spectacles, and when he rose to make his reply it was obvious from the outset that he had determined to make no reply at all. Instead of defending Socialism he chose to attack Capitalism, which is an easy thing to do, for it simply means finding fault with the world as it is to-day. It is indeed so easy a thing to do that the only wonder was that Mr. Wheatley made so poor a job of it.

FIRST CITIZEN

MONTESQUIOU AND MARCEL PROUST

BY ERNEST DIMNET

THE title of the recent book by the Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre, 'Robert de Montesquiou et Marcel Proust,' is a little frightening, for it is well known that Montesquiou posed for Proust's M. de Charlus; but although women nowadays say everything and sometimes more, a lady is a lady, even if she writes, and all that Madame de Clermont-Tonnerre means by her title is that she has something to say about both men.

The book makes no pretence of being a literary study: it is written on the loosest plan, and here and there looks a little as if a drawer full of papers had been emptied out and the papers had been printed as they came. The writer herself, although she has published five or six previous volumes, has no intention of appearing professional. She writes quickly and does not aim at producing effects, but her apparent indifference to literature here and there produces better style than most "grammates"—as she chooses, with no offence, to call men interested in words—can ever hope to achieve. Madame de Clermont-Tonnerre knows how to look at things, and she knows how to make us see them; in a word, she is a born writer. The volume, seen as a whole, is a remarkable success: it shows us, in a vivid, lifelike manner, two men different in everything except their common love for beauty, and, much to our surprise, we become gradually conscious of the fact that, in the pages of the book as in life, we are dazzled by the brilliance of Montesquiou, who "thinks himself another David," with a genius for modern psalms; but ultimately our real admiration goes to the stunted invalid, the *petit être usagé*, who endlessly admires and apes him, but does so with superior talent.

Robert de Montesquiou first appears in the Duchess's 'Memoirs'—the book is little else—in the prime of his life and with all the glamour of his double reputation for worldly fascination and for wit. The background is an Alpine scene, with the usual Society people as characters, beside whom is suddenly discovered this literary aristocrat and perfect dandy, whose "artistically gloved hands elegantly waved against the summits. Sometimes he would pull off his gloves and raise skywards one precious hand adorned with one simple but rare and strange ring." Mademoiselle de Gramont—as she then was—was sixteen and fully felt the fascination. She is no sooner home after the holidays than she chances on Mirbeau's article on Montesquiou: "He is devoted to the rare; whatever he thinks, likes, or approaches is invested with a far-fetched strangeness, puzzling forms which nature alone does not know. . . ." and she copies it in her schoolgirl's copy-book, whence it is now transferred to her volume. She watches the success of Montesquiou's first book, 'Chauves-Souris,' got up as a work of art and made to impress by its very appearance, as the writer's personal letters, his note-paper and his handwriting, impressed his correspondents.

We see Montesquiou at his zenith, when "with five or six hints he could float an artist on the stream of fashion." We see him creating, with

that rich and artistic argentiniary, Gabriel de Yturri, the Pavillon des Muses, which he fills with rare works of art bought at any price by his friend, and where his fêtes rival "Iram with all its Rose." He treats himself, rather than his guests, to wonderful practical jokes. "A marvellous young Muse to read her verses. . . ." is announced, and everybody imagines that this will be the Comtesse de Noailles, who, in fact, is there, in all her Assyrian beauty, with her mother and sister, and ravishes general attention. But not at all: another girl appears—Madame Lucie Delarue Mardrus, just twenty, beautiful like a young "god," perfectly at ease to recite her imperfectly remembered verses, and reaping an extraordinary success. We see balls and Persian fêtes, and Verlaine acted in an enchanted garden. But Yturri dies and Montesquiou grows old—suddenly he is called "an old phonograph"—and the war comes and the young school eclipses its predecessors, and finally Montesquiou himself, sour and melancholy, like the Abbot of Westminster, delivers his body to the grave. All through the hundred and fifty pages devoted to his restless life we have seen, through some magic, a great personage who was a small man, and a rare amateur who all the time missed being a real artist.

Enter Proust, *le petit Proust*, or *le petit Marcel*, son of a physician and of a Jewess, and called *le petit* not only because he is short and physically unequal to life, but because there is in him something exiguous, appearing in the namby-pamby of his letters, mercilessly quoted in full, because he is a snob and shows it—"Will you not show me a few of those lady friends among whom you are generally conjured up: Countess Greffulhe, Princesse de Wagram, Princesse de Léon? . . ." he humbly writes to Montesquiou; because there is something of the Jewish social climber in him—his conversation is likened to "the soft little paws of very young children, soft and jam-sticky passing and re-passing over your face"—because he is all the time trying so hard that he becomes touching like a weak insect (another simile of Montesquiou's). But we are at once notified that there should be no mistake. Here was a charmer. "The young men the most remote from his own culture and tastes loved him as a delightful and brotherly comrade, a rare but delicate being they had to protect, whose sole presence gave them as much pleasure as a *partie fine*. This would be saying a great deal. But even before, on the very threshold of her book, the Duchess, using a stronger metaphor, says that "Proust's humility was the more surprising, because it was impossible not to be at once aware of the high tonnage of this powerful intellect in spite of the graceful balancing of its sails."

All through the volume it is the same thing. Proust, pitiful in his fumigated room, where he tries all day to draw a comfortable breath, and ridiculous at night when he goes into society and imitates Montesquiou's voice, laughter, and mannerisms of all kinds, is, however, the extraordinary seer "who begins where the rest of us will stop"; notices imperishable traits in servants we even forget to look at; makes duchesses more duchess-like than they ever were; lends life to churches, to roads, and even to names; watches hundreds of people at the same time and, like the face-maker,

crosses and re-crosses their paths without ever losing the thread of their character; finally manages to let us see a philosophy under it all. Beside him Montesquiou, who is never far away, seems to be the resounding cymbal as compared with the multitudinous organ; and yet, all the time, Proust is *le petit Marcel*, as unimaginable to his entourage as Marian Evans was to the Brays when she appeared as George Eliot. Two unpretentious but vivid portraits are painted, not in the Duchess's book itself, but in our minds as we proceed through the crisp though careless pages, their anecdotes and their letters. And the two, entirely contrary to what we expected at first sight, contrary even to what is often the writer's most vivid impressions—viz., her admiration of Montesquiou—are as convincing as reality itself.

HOME TRUTHS FROM ABROAD

BY IVOR BROWN

NOT long ago I visited Bohemia, and the tyranny of words compelled me to expect—Bohemianism. Now Bohemianism is the last thing that you will find in the tense, discipline, industrious, austere, rationalist, republican, equalitarian city of Prague. In Prague, be it explained, the tram fares are nearly trebled by eleven o'clock, because if you are out as late as that you are held to be a dissolute fellow, whose luxury should be taxed to pay for more laborious citizens. At a cabaret I observed a severe man in uniform sitting at a table by himself, and was informed that he was the police officer in charge. Prague is an intelligent, beautiful, and busy city, but is not—as we use the word—Bohemian.

If its citizens work harder than our own (and they certainly go very early and come very late from the office), they also talk harder. But not about trifles; not about the weather. They hold the Englishman in respect, but they grieve sorely over his table talk, which strikes them as monotonously climatic. I gathered that if you want to make an impression in Prague you had to begin straightway with Einstein, or the expressionist drama, or the relations between physical drill and psychic elevation. And once you had begun you ought certainly not to stop. If you go out to tea at five in Bohemia, it is not good manners to stop talking before ten. Remember, it is the land of the Slav: he has learned much from the Western world about factories and finance, but his volubility remains.

I make mention of all this because my friend Karel Capek, the author of 'R.U.R.', has recently published his delightful 'Letters from England,'* and it is necessary to know a little of Capek's country to see the point of Capek's criticism. He was baffled by our silence. Somebody, unfortunately, took him to a West-End club.

It seemed to me that all who were there were members of the Royal Academy, the illustrious dead, or ex-Ministers, for none of them spoke. . . . I realized that they were performing a sort of ritual, which involved the smoking of pipes, the perusal of 'Who's Who,' and silence. This silence is not the silence of a man in solitude, nor the silence of a Pythagorean philosopher, nor silence in the presence of God, nor the

silence of death, nor a mute brooding. It is a special silence, a society silence, a refined silence, the silence of gentlemen among gentlemen.

From this you will see how nicely Mr. Selver translates, and how gravely our visitor was impressed by the silence of the English.

In telegraphic sentences, half nodded to their friends, They hint a matter's inwardness—and there the matter ends.

So much, at least, of Kipling Mr. Capek would appreciate.

Yet it is the proof of Capek's genius for observation that he can get right beneath this mask of muteness. This is how he sums the problem up:

But if you get to know them closer, they are very kind and gentle; they never speak much because they never speak about themselves. They enjoy themselves like children, but with the most solemn leathery expression; they have lots of ingrained etiquette, but at the same time they are as free-and-easy as young whelps. . . . Sometimes you have a sense of feeling so solitary in the midst of these kind and courteous people; but if you were a little boy you would know that you could trust them more than yourself.

Yet Capek never saw the bits of England that would have bellowed their mad message into his ears—Epsom on Derby Day, the Boat Race, Southend, Blackpool, or the Cup Final. But he divined that capering whelpishness, he saw us as children gambolling; he knew us for the playful anarchists that we are. There are times when he exaggerates our solemnity, and he appears to have been taken to the wrong public-houses; but he gets the hang of the thing. He knows that we are Kipling's despair, a kindly, casual, unscripted lot.

It is this anarchism (I use the word in a wholly unpolitical sense) which is the heart of the English mystery. The Englishman's popular outing is a scramble: on the Epsom Downs, so free and so full; at the Boat Race, a strange and mainly invisible contest whose result is discovered by rumour, but which is blessed in just this, that there are no turnstiles and many opportunities for clambering on sheds, boats, trees, and the like; at the seaside, where people really sleep by the side of the sea or in shacks or shelters, contemptuous of lodging. I never can picture a foreign crowd enjoying an English Bank-holiday with its riot and unrest. For your foreigner likes turnstiles, order, and economy; he prefers the dry arithmetic of the totalisator to the personal contact of the bookie and the adventure of the variable odds. He wants his money's worth, the realistic fellow, while the Englishman regards a day out as a day out of pocket, and will be gladly fleeced from one dawn to the next, holding such robbery to be no more than normal entertainment.

But I am wandering far from Karel Capek, whose ramblings and ruminations should on no account be missed. He has gone sorrowfully wrong about some things, and in his total condemnation of English cooking he must have forgotten a certain lunch at which he and I were both guests. I should have thought that, coming from an almost fishless State, he would have become an immediate devotee of the Dover sole; but a palate for sole and salmon is apparently a slowly acquired characteristic. Soon may he return to acquire it and to investigate still further the strange but certain fact that, to find the true "Bohemian," Bohemia must leave its rigorous feasts of reason for England's Saturnalian flow of soul.

* *Letters from England.* By Karel Capek. Translated by Paul Selver. Bles 7s. 6d.

MUSIC

THE DELIAN MODE

BY DYNELEY HUSSEY

DURING the performance of Delius's 'Mass of Life' last week, and in reading some of the criticisms of it, I seemed to detect beneath the pumped-up enthusiasm a sense of honest boredom. The audience had gone to it, assured that they were to hear a great work—it has been called the modern, a pagan, equivalent of the B minor Mass, a comparison which was applied not long ago to 'Le Sacre du Printemps'—and, since men are little inclined to swim against the tide of fashion when it is much easier to float with it, they hid their yawns behind clapping hands and pretended that their mouths were open for shouting. So after twenty years of neglect, what is probably the greatest musical work of this century—if one takes into account its proportions, its scope, and the measure in which the composer has realized his aims—has had a *succes d'estime*.

There must be something wrong with a work which, under every favourable circumstance of performance and of anticipation on the part of the audience, misses its mark. For good marksmanship is a part of genius and, given the conditions, I do not believe in that fabulous monster, the unappreciated masterpiece. Yet—and herein lies the problem for solution—the 'Mass of Life' was one of the most wonderful experiences of beauty that has happened to me. One clue to the solution is that the music proved more keenly enjoyable at rehearsal, when one heard short sections of it, than in the bulk of actual performance. This means that there is too great a monotony of mood for so vast a work. Long before the end the mind reaches saturation-point and can absorb no more of this particular kind of beauty. But, someone will say, that may be as much a proof of your mind's poor capacity as of a fault in the music you criticize. Not but what, I reply, music has seldom moved me so deeply as the last section of the 'Mass' on the Thursday morning, while on the night, perhaps because the edge had been taken off, I missed something of the thrill.

This monotony is a serious flaw in most of Delius's music, because it demands a greater effort of attention than most people are able to make. For, although no great work of art can be fully appreciated without intellectual effort, it is the business of its creator to meet his audience part-way. Delius takes not a step in that direction, but modestly moves further off directly he sees a "public" approaching. But there is more in this fault than that; for Delius's aim in this work is so universal in scope, embracing the whole of human experience, that it calls for the variety of the universe. What that aim is I have no room to expound in detail, and I could not hope to better the analysis of the work in Mr. Heseltine's book on Delius. In this lack of variety I think we have the clue to a flaw in the composer's mind, which is a temperamental inability to move quickly. Sometimes he spurs himself to action, but the results are seldom successful. The weakest section of the 'Mass' is the second, where Zarathustra summons his companions to the dance and exhorts them to learn

laughter. The idea calls for music equal in exultation to the opening of Beethoven's 'Ode to Joy'; but we are given something that might have proceeded from those "ill-conditioned ones with heavy feet" whom Zarathustra bids us avoid. Even the great dance-movements are saved only by the complexity of the choral writing from a fatal rhythmic commonplace. In truth, Delius is never happy except when he is mooning gently from one fat chord of marvellous harmony to another that makes one gulp for very joy at its beauty.

But a far more patent obstacle to the appreciation of the 'Mass' is its text. Apart from the slump in Superman and all the other paraphernalia of the Nietzschean philosophy, it is difficult to get past the jargon of these excerpts from 'Also sprach Zarathustra,' which are almost wholly unintelligible by themselves away from the poem as a whole. How can a plain, blunt Englishman not laugh at the idea of his toes listening, and see beyond the verbal nonsense into the mystical sense which lies behind? Nietzsche attempted to express ideas, which are really musical and which cannot be put into words. His poem was, in fact, aspiring to the condition of music, which was the Paterian ideal of Art. It makes, therefore, an excellent text for music, and Delius has provided for those that have ears to hear an elucidation of that queer tangle of words, has clothed the skeleton with living tissue. For the 'Mass' is pure music, and I think those are wrong who quarrel with the vocal writing, as though the voice-part were the main line of the music set against an orchestral background instead of being what it is for the most part—one of the many pieces in the kaleidoscope of harmony. Criticism would more justly be directed to the question whether the human voice, especially when it is given definite words to sing, can ever sink to the insignificance, greater or less, of an orchestral instrument.

I seem to have taken all my space in pointing out the weaknesses in this great work and to have left none for its beauties. But these are obvious and lie mainly in the rich texture of sound which is comparable only with that of Wagner. To him Delius owes much, and he is almost the only composer who has benefited by Wagner's example without falling under the spell of his mannerisms. There are moments when we realize that at the foot of Zarathustra's mountain flows the Rhine and that beyond the verge of his forest the Good-Friday meadows of Monsalvat are in flower. But there is hardly a vestige of Wagner's idiom nor, alas! of his strong contrapuntal backbone to give rhythmic interest to the music. As to the performance I can do no more than offer congratulations to the Philharmonic Society on having secured so able a conductor as Mr. Paul von Klenau and on having discovered in Mr. Roy Henderson a fine baritone and a remarkable musician. Mr. Kennedy Scott, too, deserves the highest credit for his training of the choir, who surmounted all difficulties with ease. I understand that, even with the hall filled, there was bound to be a heavy loss on the concert. So we are little likely to hear the work again, unless the Society can obtain the endowment or subsidy it deserves.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us not later than the first post on Wednesday.

SECOND CHAMBER REFORM

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I read with considerable interest the article on 'Second Chamber Reform' in last week's SATURDAY REVIEW. I think all Conservatives agree that now is the golden opportunity for strengthening the powers of the House of Lords. Surely, nevertheless, an attempt at making the Second Chamber elective, is aiming a blow at those very qualities which make it so fine, namely, its freedom from the influence of Demos, from ambitious politicians, and from the rascally politics of the cheaper Press. Also its comparative freedom from party machinery.

Might I suggest four reforms (not original), which could be tried ere we resort to an elected "Senate"?

(a) That the English peers should, after the manner of Scotland and Ireland, elect from their own number certain representative peers.

(b) That no peer should be allowed to stand for election unless he had performed some public duties, as having been an M.P., served on a town or county council, or in the army, etc.

(c) That this revised House of Lords should exercise the powers of a Referendum. This would be much safer than restoring the Veto, and also it would show if the decision of the House of Lords was based on prejudice, or a true perception of public opinion.

(d) That Ministers should be allowed to speak in both Houses.

Let these reforms be introduced first. At least they would enliven the Second Chamber, and strengthen its power as a "revising and retarding House." Also they would give to the House of Lords a more justifiable basis than blood alone for their power.

Finally, let us not forget the value of the Peers—second only to that of the Crown—as a link in the chain of the British Empire.

I am, etc.,

HEYRICK PEASE

Yewden Manor, Henley-on-Thames

FACTORY LEGISLATION

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In your issue of March 28, in a note on the proposed new Factory legislation, you say that "Hardly any of our chief competitors have introduced legislation on the lines accepted at the International Labour Conference."

It is certainly true that if France and Germany are our chief competitors, then "hardly any" of them has done much to ratify International Labour Conventions, although France has taken an important step forward quite recently by overcoming the constitutional difficulties which previously were a bar to ratification; both Chambers have now authorized the ratification of three Conventions.

As to Germany, until fairly recently the Eight-Hour Day was enforced by decree, and it is arguable (to state the case very mildly) that had Great Britain seen her way to ratifying the Washington Convention before the German decree was repealed, Germany also would have ratified and the recent extension of hours of work would no longer have been a purely domestic question and would in fact have been impossible. Apart from this, although none of the bills which at one time

or another have been put forward to ratify Conventions has passed into law, it may be hoped that the new Government may do better. Quite recently fresh Bills were introduced to ratify four Conventions. Apart from the extreme cumbrousness of the German legislative process and the further delays consequent on the frequency with which the Reichstag has been dissolved in recent years, a factor which must not be forgotten is the latent coldness towards the International Labour Organization as being part of the League.

Apart from France and Germany, however, it does not seem to me that the British record in respect of ratification is much, if at all, better than that of a large number of countries which might be described as "competitors." Great Britain has ratified eight Conventions (four only of them required fresh legislation); of the other "old" industrial countries, Italy has ratified twelve Conventions, Austria and Sweden eight, Denmark seven, Switzerland five, and Belgium four. In addition, Belgium has carried out a fifth—the Hours Convention—but will not ratify it until the large industrial countries do so. Of the Asiatic countries, India has ratified nine and Japan six Conventions.

Obviously it is most important that such progress should be made in countries which are farthest behind in social legislation. The figures for the new countries created or reconstituted by the Treaties of Peace show how the influence of the I.L. Organization has moulded their social policy and brought them near to the level of the older countries. They are: Czechoslovakia eight, Poland fourteen, Roumania eleven, Greece six, Bulgaria nine, Esthonia fifteen, Latvia five, Finland five.

Apart altogether from Conventions, it must be remembered that many countries have adopted the guiding principles contained in the Recommendations, as distinct from the Conventions; no doubt such Recommendations as that of 1923 regarding the principles of Factory Inspection will bear yet more fruit in time—it is little more than a year old now. Finally, it may be noted that in quite a number of cases countries have actually passed legislation in general or even exact conformity with Conventions which they have not yet ratified.

The subject is so large that it is difficult to do anything like justice to it even in so lengthy a letter as this, but I think the facts I have given may go to show that your note is something of an over-statement.

I am, etc.,

A. I. RICHARDS

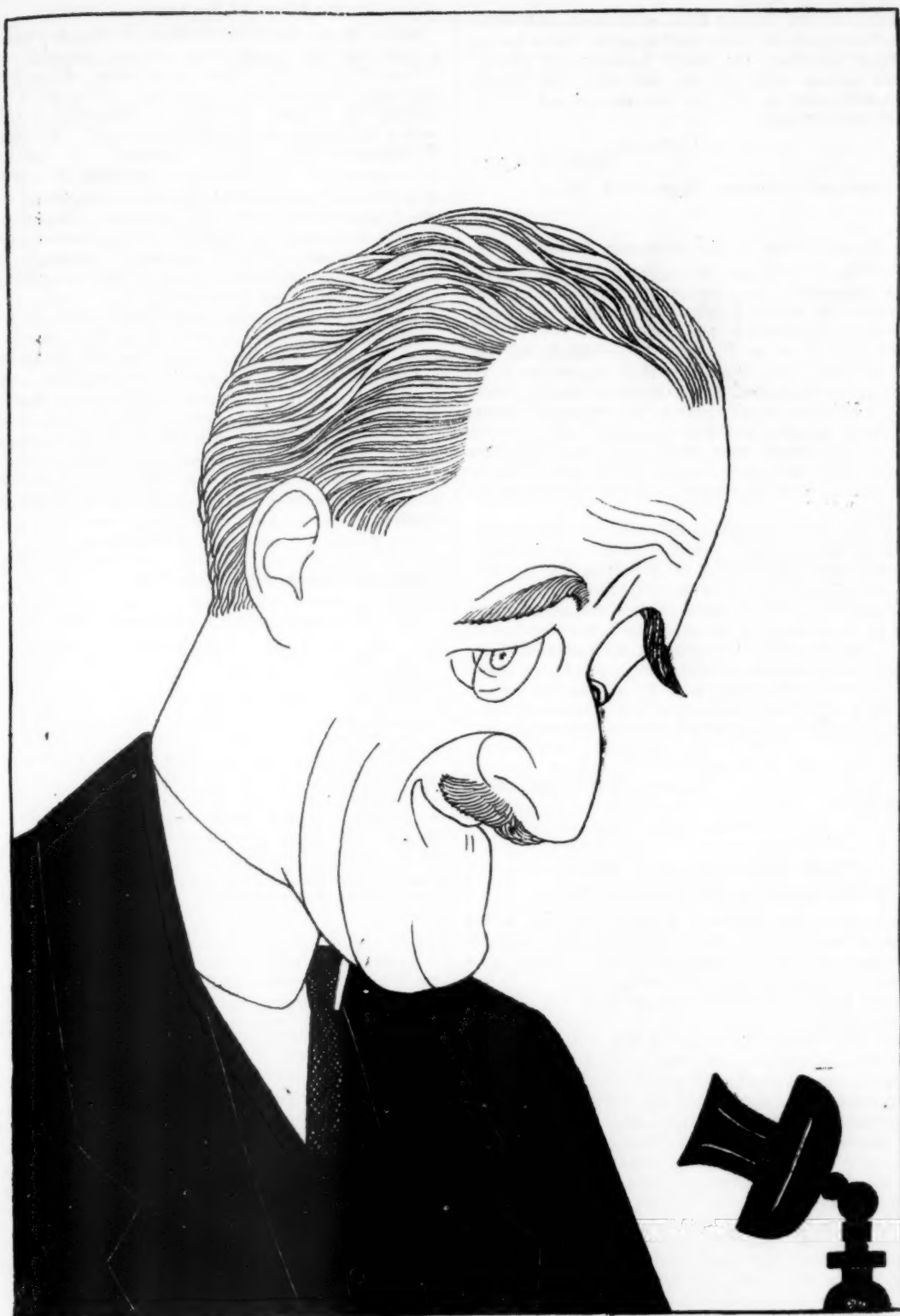
61 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park

DRESSMAKING: FRENCH COMPETITION

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I am very glad that the SATURDAY REVIEW, with its power to shape cultivated public opinion has taken up this important matter. The correspondence you published last week was interesting and in some respects valuable, but I think that, as often happens in England, the real problem was either unrecognized or evaded.

Women of taste do not patronize French dress-makers for snobbish reasons, but simply because French clothes are better cut, smarter, much better finished and, all things considered, cheaper than English. When English girls are prepared to learn their job as thoroughly as French girls do, and when they turn out work in every way equal to Paris, then every patriotic woman will buy her clothes in England. Meanwhile, the majority of us have to try, on very much depleted incomes, to keep up the standards to which we are accustomed; the women who can have as many frocks as they wish irrespective of cost are so rare as to be negligible. All my friends who buy in



Dramatis Personae. No. 146.

By 'Quiz.'

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR SEFTON BRANCKER, K.C.B., A.F.C.
DIRECTOR OF CIVIL AVIATION

France do so simply because they get better value, and for no other reason.

Perhaps the few London firms with world-wide reputations have staffs in every way equal to Paris houses of similar standing; the lesser houses have inferior workers because they are the best they can obtain. It is surely just as well to face this aspect of the matter quite frankly.

I am, etc.,

MARY DUNLOP

34 Clanricarde Gardens, Hyde Park, W.2

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—May I add my protest to those which have already appeared in your columns regarding the unfair competition to which English dressmakers are being subjected by the French invasion?

I do not object to Parisian firms selling all the goods over here they can: that they should try to do so, taking advantage of the favourable exchange rate and the free trade of our country, is but natural. What I do protest against, and what all people with a decent sense of patriotism must deplore, is the eagerness with which certain society ladies who ought to know better rush to help the foreigner at the expense of the Englishman.

They only do it because it is a novelty: you do not find them offering their drawing-rooms to old-established and deserving London firms. This, Sir, is really the most unhappy aspect of the whole affair.

I should like, too, to endorse your remarks on the necessity to distinguish between the French houses in London who maintain a permanent establishment with the burden of taxation thereby involved, and those—may I say?—adventurers who flit across here from Paris for a short time, reaping all the profits and bearing none of the responsibilities of tradesmanship.

I am, etc.,

ROBERT AITKEN

Manchester

THE REVIVAL OF 'IRIS'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. Ivor Brown's remarks on the recent Adelphi production of 'Iris,' were extremely interesting to one who has not seen the show. Which is as it should be, though so many critics seem to forget that their primary function is to perform the office of a theatre guide.

If, as Mr. Brown declares, the play falls "between two styles," it can only succeed in effecting burlesque. Incongruity is the mother of mirth—the big boots and baggy trousers of Chaplin and the eyebrows of George Robey are testimonies of that—and what could be more incongruous than a Victorian play played by post-war actors with post-war manners, embellished with the dress and diction of 1925. It is the incongruity exemplified by a comparison between the novels of Bulwer Lytton and those of Mr. Gilbert Frankau, between the old "jarvie" and the modern taxi-man.

There are very few plays and novels which do not date. Every man is in some way representative of his time. Shakespeare, perhaps, dates less than anyone, yet Garrick, who played Macbeth in a modern uniform must have presented a ludicrous spectacle. It was not fair to Shakespeare to parade his characters thus before the public who knew Hogarth and Fielding, who laughed at the 'School for Scandal,' and witnessed the trial of Warren Hastings. Nor is it fair to Sir Arthur Pinero to present a play as modern which he had written before the days of the great war, feminine franchise, the present rate of income-tax, etc.

I am, etc.,

MALCOLM ELWIN

"FREUNDLICH"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In the SATURDAY REVIEW of March 7 there is a note on the signification of the German word "freundlich." As I have spent most of my life in Germany, Austria, and contiguous countries, I shall venture to suggest that here "freundlich" simply means in English of the day, "decent," or "kind." It certainly also means "friendly" in the sense of "courteous" (Cf. Trollope's definition of courtesy). It is natural that Germans and Austrians should speak of "friendliness," for they were so violently and bitterly denounced in English writing—novels, newspapers, reviews, and even in scientific journals. And did not the Royal Society "cut" Prof. von Röntgen and the amiable Prof. Wenckebach?

England won the war—and I saw some of it—as much by her satirical writers as by her sword, just as she made through her writers—Landor, De Quincey, Southey—the French odious and contemptible. While I like and admire the English, I think they should be glad to make amends for the extreme "Unaustehlichkeit" of their national attitude to all who happen to oppose them. I do not think there is a pin's difference between the "Hun" of any nation, and I personally prefer German soldiers to French, especially the black French.

I am, etc.,

PAUL BARTHOLOW

Sherman Court Hotel, New York

THE SERVANT SHORTAGE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—While agreeing with every word of "A. A. B.'s" admirable article on 'The Absentees,' I was most of all impressed by what you rightly call "the terrible servile war"; the more so when I read of thirty-five domestic servants who have gone out—State-aided—to one of our Colonies. No doubt most of them have other objects in view than mere domestic service, but, surely, if there is to be no "Ne exeat Regno" for them, at least a corresponding proportion of a similar class from Norway or elsewhere who, according to the Registry Offices, are longing to come here, might be allowed in?

I am, etc.,

H. M. J.

A CIRCULAR BUS ROUTE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—As it seems impossible to run a tube railway under Hyde Park, many think it desirable that a few buses in either direction should encircle the park.

The route would be, say, from Marble Arch to Lancaster Gate, Church Street (Kensington), Kensington Gore, Knightsbridge, Hyde Park Corner, Park Lane and back to Marble Arch.

Anybody then requiring to go from Knightsbridge to say Lancaster Gate, on a cold, rainy day, could thus do so without changing buses, or walking across the park.

I am, etc.,

Royal Societies Club, S.W.1 D. R. BROADBENT

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, PICCADILLY, W.

The annual draw of the Art Union of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours takes place in the Galleries on May 5. The first prize is of the value of two hundred pounds to be chosen from pictures in the exhibition. There are also numerous other prizes.

The tickets for the draw are one shilling each, and every subscriber who takes a book of 20 tickets is entitled to an important reproduction in colour of the picture 'Romance' by W. E. Webster, R.I. The last day for tickets, which can be obtained from Mr. W. T. Blackmore, Secretary, 195 Piccadilly, W., is Tuesday, April 21.

NEW FICTION

BY GERALD GOULD

Martin Arrowsmith. By Sinclair Lewis. Cape. 7s. 6d. net.*Kept.* By Alec Waugh. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.*Eclipse.* By S. P. B. Mais. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.

IT is almost impossible for the critic, however honestly he may try, to approach 'Martin Arrowsmith' without some limiting consciousness of its author's immense prestige. Nor, since the prestige was fairly won by solid achievement, is this altogether a bad thing. An author who has done good work before has a right to claim our special attention. All the same, it is doubtful if he has the right to claim quite so much of our attention as Mr. Lewis claims in 'Martin Arrowsmith.' Nor, when I say this, am I referring to its length. It must be about twice as long as the ordinary contemporary novel; but it must be shorter than 'Pendennis' or 'David Copperfield' or 'Tom Jones.' Quantity cannot be considered apart from quality: a book is as long as it reads, and its duration is to be measured in yawns rather than in words. 'Martin Arrowsmith' suffers not from length but from *longueurs*. It is supposed to be the epic of a scientist—of a man impelled by the pure lust of investigation, and yet every now and then drawn aside by social and personal attractions and emotions—diverted from test-tubes at the test. His line is bacteriology and bio-physics; and very nice too. Mr. Lewis has certainly assimilated enough of the jargon—and, for all I know, of genuine and profound knowledge—to impress the layman. Whether he would impress the bacteriologist and bio-physicist I cannot judge. I refer to this sort of thing—it is an extract from a published paper of Martin's:

In a preliminary publication, I have reported a marked qualitative destructive effect of the radiations from radium emanations on Bacteriophage-anti-Shiga. In the present paper it is shown that X-rays, gamma rays, and beta rays produce identical inactivating effects on this bacteriophage. Furthermore, a quantitative relation is demonstrated to exist between this inactivation and the radiations that produce it. The results obtained from this quantitative study permit the statement that the percentage of inactivation, as measured by determining the units of bacteriophage remaining after irradiation by gamma and beta rays of a suspension of fixed virulence, is a function of the two variables, millicuries and hours.

The paragraph may or may not prove that Martin Arrowsmith knew his job as a bio-physicist: it certainly proves that Mr. Lewis does not know his job as a novelist. Its appeal is precisely the same as that of the melodrama which boasts itself to produce upon the boards real horses, real waterfalls and real champagne. That kind of reality is death to true realism. What we want is to get the *feel*, the atmosphere, of the laboratory and the scientific quest. We are much more likely to receive the impression that our hero is actually confronted by a waterfall if we see him against "veils of thinnest lawn" than if our attention is distracted by thousands of gallons of authentic liquid.

The writer who above all others of our time, and perhaps of any time, succeeds in giving just that magic touch which implies omniscience, without losing himself and his readers in boring technicalities, is of course Mr. H. G. Wells. His scientific romances are masterpieces of education-without-tears. (When he writes political novels, on the other hand, he is apt to fall into the same fault as Mr. Lewis has fallen into here, and insist on technicalities too extensive and too precise.) It seemed clear from Mr. Lewis's early work that he was a student and an unconscious imitator of Mr. Wells: here his subject emphasizes the resemblance: but the approximation is on the wrong lines. The magic touch is absent: what we get is a note so

startling that every now and then we seem to be listening to the very voice of Mr. Wells himself. As thus:

... there was a room for photography, a glorious library, an aquarium for the Department of Marine Biology, and (Dr. Tubb's own idea) a row of laboratories which visiting foreign scientists were invited to use as their own. A Belgian biologist and a Portuguese bio-chemist were occupying guest-laboratories now, and once, Martin thrilled to learn, Gustaf Sondelius had been here.

Then Martin saw the Berkeley-Saunders centrifuge.

Martin is twice married: once, to the perfect mate for the egoist-genius (perfect, at least, from the egoist-genius's point of view)—a woman who devotes herself to his comfort and career without losing her own individuality: and once, to the rich distracting spouse, who lets Europe and dinner-parties get between her husband and his sacred flame. The first wife is killed by plague in the West Indies, whither Martin has gone to conduct an experiment, and where he is up against the big dramatic conflict of his life. People are dying in hundreds round him: they beseech him to inoculate them all and save them: but he does not know for certain the value of his treatment, and he is determined, in his capacity as scientific discoverer, to inoculate some patients and keep others uninoculated, as "controls"; he believes that, by this temporary and apparent inhumanity, he will make a discovery that will benefit all humankind for ever; he sticks to his guns until his wife dies, and then takes to drink and gives way. The episode is finely conceived, though jerkily told; but, after it, the rich second wife and the ordinary social temptations, even though Martin ultimately breaks away and transcends them, provide a terrible anti-climax.

We have, then, in this novel, the work of a powerful and original mind, whose range of interest, knowledge and enthusiasm is so great as to be almost staggering: a work crammed with brilliant pictures: a work planned on the heroic scale—and yet a work in total effect rather dull and formless. To speak of it lightly, to fail in realization of its huge superiority to the mass even of good and conscientious but ephemeral fiction, would be simply stupid; one must judge it by severe standards; and, judged by them, it fails. For skill and intelligence, however prodigious, are no sort of substitute for inspiration. The vital creative breath does not blow through these pages: one does not love, or hate, any character in them.

Being old enough to be Mr. Alec Waugh's maiden aunt—and being proud to remember that I was one of those who most enthusiastically hailed his first book—I may be privileged to insist that 'Kept' is less good than one would expect. For 'The Loom of Youth' was not just a piece of precocious schoolboy brilliance: it had deep qualities: there were brains and inspiration there. And though certainly there are brains in 'Kept' too, I can discern no trace of inspiration. The plot is hackneyed, which would not matter in the least if the people lived; but unfortunately they come alive only at moments. There are far too many trimmings, there is far too much chat about night-clubs—things, I dare say, excellent in themselves, but somehow not welded into artistic unity with the central emotional problem of the young man who, offering romantic love to a woman "kept" by another man, is shattered by the discovery of her way of life. Mr. Waugh has one of the more active and eager minds of the younger generation: he writes better of the vital things than of the superficial: and, though he can put together any sort of story skilfully enough, it is to be hoped he will not be distracted, by that facility, from the pursuit of reality.

Mr. Mais also is an authority on the haunts where Belgravia mixes with Bohemia. His picture of Fleet Street is as odd as usual, but there is more plot and significance in 'Eclipse' than in anything I have read of his for many years. I think it is probably his best book. It is certainly readable, and in parts something more than that.

REVIEWS

GOOD WORK ON FIELDING

The Novels of Fielding. By Aurélien Digeon. Routledge. 10s. 6d. net.

M. DIGEON'S research was interrupted by the war, so that Mr. Cross's long biography of Fielding appeared before he could publish his results. This well translated book is of more reasonable size, and full of good points. The author has gone deep into his subject, and naturally makes much of Fielding and Molière. He is, however, equally at home in English research, and is very interesting in his study of the reactions of Richardson and his great rival. He puts up a strong plea for the political significance of 'Jonathan Wild.' He thoroughly appreciates Squire Western with his boisterous and sporting brutality, but we have not met the English critics who refuse to regard him as a typical figure, because they are ashamed of him. The initial essays in 'Tom Jones' have now become tedious to the average reader, who has no classical leanings or interest in the theory of constructing a novel. 'Amelia' we have read and re-read, never with great satisfaction, in spite of its beauties. A couple already married are dull, compared with a pair fated to marry and divided by the endless blows of circumstances. M. Digeon adds that Booth is too weak and feckless to hold our interest as a hero. He is so learned that his attribution of 'The Provok'd Husband' to Congreve must be a mere slip. The printers have here and there spoilt Fielding's text. The *bona idoles* mentioned by Parson Adams, p. 66, should be *indoles*. What "the Pope" says of woman, p. 178, should clearly be "Mr. Pope." The Homeric battle on p. 187 gives "fell" in two succeeding lines, where "fell" and "felt" are right.

The book is admirable in its tone, and dismisses the idea of Fielding as a Bohemian ruffian which has too long prevailed. He was no saint, but a great and kindly master of human follies and virtues. His irony is deeper and truer than the pious pretences which ignore human nature. M. Digeon belongs to a French school of Professors which has done much for English, and is a worthy disciple.

WILLIAM MORRIS

William Morris and His Poetry. By B. Ifor Evans. Harrap.

The Kelmscott Press and William Morris, Master Craftsman. By H. H. Sparling. Macmillan. 18s. net.

OF the small books written about Morris, the two best are by admirers who never met him, the late Mr. Clutton Brock and now Mr. Evans. Brock pictured Morris as he expressed himself in living. Mr. Evans studies his life as it moulds and explains his poetry. Mr. Sparling describes one of his many activities in full detail, and gives us withal a lively portrait of the man which testifies to the deep personal impression he left on all who came under his influence. Morris was indeed, as Mr. Evans says, "a vortex of activity and strength," and the impression he left on his time was as deep and as permanent. In the score of years between the 'seventies and the 'nineties, he re-formed English ideals—aristocratic and middle class—in house furnishing, reviving or re-discovering for the purpose in craft after craft the secret of sound workmanship which makes for beauty on which any later variation must be based, even though some of its superficial aspects have been superseded to some extent by later fashions of taste. Morris's last adventure—the craft of printing—is a typical example of the way he worked, and it is fortunate that in Mr. Sparling it

has found a well-informed historian, and that the work has been completed, owing to the generosity of the family trustees, by a reprint of the last book issued by the Kelmscott Press, and by a number of exquisite reproductions. In Mr. Sparling's pages we follow Morris in his search for good paper, good ink, and the basic principles of type designing and book illustration. In all of these he was original, he copied no man, but he was willing to learn all that his predecessors could teach him by example or precepts. No greater tribute to his memory could be paid than to compare the fine book of to-day with its clear and well-arranged page, good paper, for type, and illustration with the fine book of the 'eighties printed on glistening china clay, with letterpress meandering through jagged illustrations, pale ink and tenuous type. Mr. Sparling's book is simply invaluable to every one interested in the history of modern writing; would that we had as picturesque and full an account of his earlier revivals!

About Morris's poetry there will always be two divergent schools of opinion—one which will lament his writing anything but the fresh loveliness of 'The Defence of Guenevere,' and see in all his later work a waste of poetic power, the other which recognizes in 'Sigurd' a true epic worthy to rank with the highest, and in 'The Earthly Paradise,' the culmination of narrative poetry, supreme workmanship disguised as fluency. Mr. Evans gives us a sound critical account of his work with ample enough extracts for readers who are as yet ignorant of it and with sufficient emphasis on its best points. But when he comes to grapple with Morris's personality he has to confess defeat. "He remains aloof, too impetuous for much intimacy, too full of activity for the enjoyment of the leisurely in human intercourse. Though surrounded by friends he stands alone, a vortex of activity and strength."

THE WEALTH OF INDIA

The Wealth of India. By P. A. Wadia and G. N. Joshi. Macmillan. 21s. net.

THE authors of this elaborate inquiry into economic conditions and possibilities in India are typical members of the newer and more scholarly band of research-workers in that country. To a much firmer grasp of European economic theories than most of their predecessors had, they have added, a novelty in India till a few years ago, some hold on the facts of village life and semi-primitive production. But the two writers with whom we are concerned, for all their reading and observation, and despite the evident sincerity of their desire to deal with actualities, have not wholly escaped from the habit of thrusting responsibility for India's economic backwardness on to the malignity of Western civilization or the stupidity of the British Raj. They admit, honestly enough, the existence of factors hostile to India's advancement, but as a rule they assert that whatever retards India is directly or indirectly due to the West or to the British administrators of the country, or, more politely, to the absence of conditions which could be established only after British abdication. The blame is scarcely ever allowed to rest on the people, who, broadly speaking, are lacking in commercial and industrial, as in other, initiative. It is put, at best, on the environment. But, be it to the credit or discredit of British rule, in many of the most important respects that environment has been very little changed by British administrators and policies. One of the fundamental troubles with Indian factory labour is that the people refuse to take to factory work as an all-the-year-round occupation, but leave their fields during the slack agricultural season to return from the factory when needed in the countryside. One of the chief causes of agricultural poverty is the subdivision and fragmentation of holdings, which is due not to anything done by the British, but

to ancient Indian social legislation, and cannot be checked by a law establishing primogeniture or an indivisible unit of land without disrupting Indian society, both Hindu and Muslim. But Messrs. Wadia and Joshi have some useful suggestions to make, and their work should assist future investigators even when it errs in explanation of the causes of the conditions they describe.

THE GAME OF WAR

Tannenberg. By Major-General Sir Edmund Ironside. Blackwood. 15s. net.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR EDMUND IRONSIDE, who has written with admirable competence and lucidity the history of the first thirty days of the war in East Prussia, has none of the historian's point of view: he writes as a soldier and a strategist, and the history, exhaustive and excellent as it is, serves as no more than an illustration of the strategic lessons of the campaign.

'Tannenberg' is a brief title, but a devastating one: it stands for two of the most memorable disasters in European history, the defeat and virtual annihilation of the Teutonic Knights in the fifteenth century and of a vast Russian army in the twentieth. It is General Ironside's contention that this latter campaign "is of peculiar interest to the British Army, because it shows what a small, well-trained force can achieve against numbers." But his book does not altogether bear him out. Tannenberg was not the triumph of a small army over a large—in numbers of infantry and artillery on the battlefield, the two decisive factors, the superiority lay in point of fact with the victors—but the triumph of a well-trained, well-led, and well-equipped modern force over an almost medieval levy. The Russians had few aeroplanes, no telegraphs, no signals, no transport, and very little in the way of food supplies, wireless, roads, and railways. The Germans had all these in plenty: the marvel is that they were for some time actually defeated and panic-stricken.

'Tannenberg' is excellent, though naturally rather technical, reading, and the coloured maps by Bartholomew make the complicated dispositions easy to follow; but whether the book has a proportionate military importance is to be doubted. The gods are kind to England, but if it comes to fighting again we can hardly hope for enemies so sluggish, so incompetent, and so miserably ill-equipped as the three hundred thousand Russians who sacrificed themselves in Prussia during the first month of the war. Tannenberg was an anachronism in 1914; even by 1924 it had become an impossibility. Mechanical developments have so fundamentally changed the methods of warfare that in such battles of the future as are not mere one-sided massacres its material lessons will be of little use. Only the paramount necessities of attention to detail, of mobility, and of cool decision remain, and for those we might as well instruct ourselves from our own Agincourt as from German Tannenberg.

INDESTRUCTIBLE POLAND

Outlines of Polish History. By Roman Dyboski. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

THE Poland of a thousand years is here brought within the compass of a little book that is at once full and clear, shapely and continuous in interest. It is no mere drum and trumpet history, but portraiture of a nation remarkable for vitality and vicissitude. Like a pageant its medieval glories are unrolled; and we pass not too uneasily from Casimir the great and the greater Poland of the Jagellonian dynasty to Stephen Bathory and Sobieski. Yet, for all the age-long and chivalrous battling of noble youth against Tartar and Turk, and the arduous struggle for expansion to the Baltic and the Black Sea, there is the increasing sense

of tragic calamity inherent in the very framework of government. The kingly and central power is ever compelled to fatal concessions. Magnates and "gentry democracy" alternate in preponderance; are lawless, selfish in class-interest; degenerate or are newly vigorous to meet emergency. Early the great Powers menace interference and partition. The Parliamentary privileges make for weakness and anarchy. But even in the full development of individualism and "free veto," the nation gathers itself up for reform and resistance against intervention. The tragedy consummated, still "Poland has not perished," runs the people's song. Despite her moods of prostration and "threefold loyalty"; her rebellions doomed to futility; her transference as it were to mere headquarters of exiles in Paris; Poland still was vital, strove and even managed to prosper in some degree under oppression. The spirit of citizenship becomes more democratic, adapting itself to the social conditions of the modern world. The disunion of classes tends to cease. Russification, Prussian expropriation and "gagging" Bills, frustrate themselves. And now at length Poland is delivered from captivity. Mr. Roman Dyboski, Lecturer on English Literature in the University of Cracow, enables us to understand present problems by exhibiting them in their historical development. Considerable success is already achieved in the extremely complex task of unification, though the dilemma of administrative authority and large allowance of local self-government still taxes ingenuity. Law, currency, education, are being set upon sure foundations; but agrarian reform and the safeguarding of racial minorities are still incomplete.

FACT AND FICTION

A Gringo in Mañana Land. By Harry L. Foster. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d. net.

NOT since Richard Henry Davis have we had such information, equally amusing and creditable, about the Central States from Mexico to Costa Rica. This other American, Mr. Harry L. Foster, is a travelling companion to be hailed. Here are the holiday spirit, the alert eye, the sense of proportion. Realism is best reached by humour. At his most boisterous, he wins the happy smile. If the tale be not true, still it is aptly conceived. Where should one seek romance and adventure if not in the Spanish republics? And the poetry of the common persists despite the local colour of novelists. The background haunts. The something of charm inexplicable compels desire of return. The Spanish-American is restful, childlike, kindly where interest in him is shown. His secret is open. It is out of politeness that he lacks veracity. He would have, and keep, himself and his visitor pleased. His seeming hostility is due to conscious inefficiency and resentment of the outward help he has sought. The Spanish girl, far from being glamorous and deadly, is the most shy, modest, and circumspect little miss in the world. And, married, who could be more placid, faithful, and null? While the Indian woman is individual, self-sufficient, devoted to bargaining. Mr. Foster is the shrewd psychologist. As for the chronic insurrections, he draws upon the picturesque report of "Old Times" and his own observation. These things require, according as you will, the traditional and "comic-opera" touch, or the slapdash of O. Henry, or the verisimilitude of Conrad's 'Nostromo.' In any case, comedy, from light to broadest, shows itself in the detail. Professional politicians and ambitious generals dupe, and are duped. The unexpected is to be expected. But life, even in Mexico or Honduras, is normally tranquil, if industry is hampered. Mr. Foster, reading at home the headlines of his newspaper, can wonder whether "These States," or those of Central America, are the more civilized.

THE COURTEOUS CRITIC

The Muse in Council. By John Drinkwater. Sidgwick and Jackson. 7s. 6d. net.

THE assorted papers that make up this volume vary in quantity and quality, and it is to the author's credit that the more he spreads himself the more readable does he become. One or two of the pieces are scrappy and trivial; he can hardly have increased his critical reputation when he addressed the Burns Club of Edinburgh, or wrote his views on Boswell and Johnson. But when Mr. Drinkwater digs deeper at the roots of poetry he rarely fails to do fruitful work, and in this collection of essays there is a continuity of temper and of thought which commands respect.

In general, Mr. Drinkwater is attracted by the knightly virtues, by courage and charity. His plays have shown that he likes a hero, particularly the hero whose sword is a thumping moral apothegm. In his paper on 'The Heroic of Art,' he quotes himself:

When the high heart we magnify,
And the sure vision celebrate,
And worship greatness passing by,
Ourselves are great.

This is dangerous doctrine, and Mr. Drinkwater does, of course, warn us against the facility of false heroics. But his tendency to admire admiration may easily lead us to a mawkish criticism, and he carries his dread of petulance almost as far as to be petulant himself. He is very angry with an unnamed critic, who described Sir William Watson as "pompous poet left over from the nineteenth century." But this shaft does hit its mark, and there is no reason for compunction when we remember the staggering ineptitude of Sir William's war-time sonnet of the Three Alfreds (to wit, Alf Rex, Alf Tennyson, and Alf Harmsworth). Is criticism never to barb its arrows and always to find greatness on a bended knee? Mr. Drinkwater threatens to level Parnassus and lead us into the flattest of pastures. However, we can comfort ourselves with the thought that he may have overstated his case for the chivalrous gesture in criticism. His essay on W. E. Henley shows that he is neither to be taken in by heroic cant nor so put out by it that he cannot be fair to what matter it may hide. This critique is profound, judicious work, and one of the best things in an uneven book.

SHORTER NOTICES

Boswell's Life of Johnson. Abridged and arranged by Archibald Marshall. Collins. 8s. 6d. net.

"EVERY abridgement of a good book is a stupid abridgement," wrote Montaigne, and readers of experience will agree with him. In a masterpiece one man will find something that specially appeals to him, another something else. To-day, however, so long a book as Boswell's may seem impossible to the impatient reader. Mr. Marshall has made a useful division into chapters, and while omitting six-sevenths of the text, has kept a good many of the best things. His abridgement cannot be adequate, but will, we hope, lead on to the original, which is one of the best books to browse in here and there. The talk on scholarship is generally cut out, and some of the ancient learning that remains is in an odd state. An "inherent *vivadi*" on p. 370, is sad nonsense for *vivida vis*. The scrap of Greek on p. 267 is wrong, too. Mr. Marshall has also left the English text in a casual state that would have shocked Boswell. Things like "cattin" for "satin," "unquestional," and "we expiated [expatiated] with confidence" should not have passed a decent reader. The Lansdowne name was "Petty," not "Pretty," and "Captain Macheat" has had enough recent fame to be spelt correctly. This is not taking the greatest pains with a classic, as an enthusiast might do.

The Passing Hour. By W. L. Courtney. Hutchinson. 18s. net.

MR. COURTNEY'S pardonable anxiety that the appearance of this desultory autobiography should synchronize, as nearly as possible, with his retirement from the active labours of journalism must have prevented him from revising his work with his usual care. Otherwise we should not find him speaking of Tennyson's "sonnet" on Ulysses, or reminding us how Polyphemus captured the ship of Odysseus with its crew, or speaking of the admirable Mercy as Griffith Gaunt's "not quite respectable love," or describing George Eliot as visiting Oxford to obtain material for the character of Fred Vincy some years after "Middlemarch" had been Mr. Courtney's bedside book, or mentioning Lucius Brutus as a character in Shakespeare's 'Julius Cæsar,' or misprinting his Greek quotations. These are trivial slips, however, which will not prevent Mr. Courtney's numerous admirers from enjoying his genial record of a career full of varied interest, alike at Oxford and in London.

Empty Chairs. By Sir Squire Bancroft. Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

IF people are to be encouraged to write more than one book of reminiscences, Sir Squire Bancroft is an excellent candidate for that privileged class. He was born in that "vintage" year of celebrities, 1841, and his life has had breadth as well as length. His writing is concise and yet courtly; his enthusiasms are generous but discriminating. In this book he pays tributes (friendly but not fulsome) to old friends and colleagues whose chairs are empty now, and in the course of the amiable gossip a good deal may be learned about the loftier side of the Victorian stage. Is it generally known that Irving took away his portrait by Sargent from the Academy of 1888 and hacked it to pieces with a knife? And would general opinion support the author's view that "no really satisfactory portrait of Irving exists"? Did Whistler fail here? Sir Squire Bancroft stimulates questions as well as answering them as he goes, a spritely figure, in search of his youth and the youth of other notables.

Waterside Creatures. By Frances Pitt. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.

HARDLY a naturalist, however experienced, could read through a book of Miss Pitt's without having to admit that he had learnt something fresh from it, and probably a good deal. 'Waterside Creatures' is at least as good as its forerunners and in much the same style: though written in a way that appeals to the most amateurish nature-lover, it is crammed with minute and accurate observation on animals and birds. The account of the two pet otters, Moses (because it was found in the bullrushes) and Aaron, is most notably full of this double excellence. From her experience of their amazing appetites, Miss Pitt is convinced that most of the otters kept in Zoological Gardens are half-starved. To this she attributes their reputation for being short-lived in captivity: like the water-vole, on which she has also much that is extremely interesting, they are cursed with exceedingly rapid digestions. The kingfisher's habit of disinfecting itself with water on plunging out of its insanitary nesting-tunnel and the occasional bigamy of the mallard are traits which we do not remember having seen described in books, nor to have observed ourselves. There are fifty-four illustrations from photographs taken by the author. Most are excellent likenesses: not an invariable quality among photographs of wild creatures.

Turkey in Travail. By Harold Armstrong. The Bodley Head. 8s. 6d. net.

THIS is a picturesque and interesting book. The author spent most of the last ten years among the Turks. He was taken prisoner at Kut-al-Amarah in

1916, and begins his book with a painfully exact narrative of the horrors and agonies which followed. He gives the Turks credit for not, as a rule, having meant to be cruel; they treated our starving and diseased soldiers as they did their own, and both died like flies. A lively description follows of the author's experiences as an officer of the *gendarme* battalion which was formed in 1921 to suppress brigandage—"a life full of tremendous fun." The last part of the book gives the best account that we have seen of the disgraceful Chanak business, and Mr. Armstrong does not mince matters in his condemnation of those who were responsible for it. His brilliant pages should be read by all who are concerned with contemporary Turkish history.

An Anthology of Medieval Latin. Chosen by Stephen Gazelee. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

WE hope that those to whom the word "Latin" suggests pendency and school punishments will not be deterred from reading this quite delightful book, made up of all sorts of Latin from the wall inscriptions of Pompeii to the speech of Lord Dufferin in Iceland at a banquet, including some letters from the 'Epistole Obscurorum Virorum' and some tales from the 'Facetiæ' of Bebel, and others. There are many who first get the habit of reading Latin in quantity from the stories of Bebel or the dialogues of Erasmus, and no better introduction could be desired. Mr. Gazelee gives just sufficient aid in his notes to readers who know only everyday Latin to enable them to enjoy his stories. His selection is rich in verse, though he has not been tempted to use any of Father Prout's, for example, and we would gladly exchange the Baudelaire for Chevy Chase. Even the most stony-hearted classical scholar must be glad to have such a many-sided compendium of the history of Latin in so attractive a form.

THE APRIL MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* for April gives prominence to a paper by Mr. John Bell on the position of Germany, entitled 'Pacts of Peace or War.' Mr. Lancelot Lawton writes on 'Trade Unionists and Soviet Russia,' pointing out the incompatibility of their experience with that of all recent visitors who know the country. Dr. Nairn gives an excellent account of 'Milton's Latin Poetry,' showing him as one of the few great writers of Latin hexameters. Mr. Arthur Symonds contributes some memories of Eleonora Duse and a characteristic eulogy of her genius; and Dr. Boas has extracted from the diary of Thomas Crosfield, a Fellow of Queen's, some new and interesting facts about the chief London actors' companies in the time of Charles I.

The *London Mercury* contains verse by Miss V. Sackville-West, Mr. Squire, Mr. Barman and Mr. Frank Kendon—the latter giving a longish poem on "Orpheus." The stories are by Mr. Walter de la Mare, Mr. Scott Moncrieff, both inconsequent, and Mr. Gerald Bullett, a fantasy after Mr. Wells. Col. Thackeray continues his notes on Thackeray and Brookfield with illustrations and a new anecdote or two, and Prof. Campbell writes soundly on 'The Uses and Beauties of Plain Verse,' a particular case of an old general principle. Mr. Heseltine contributes a long list of emendations to Dr. Fellowes's 'English Madrigal Verse.' In the *Chronicles* Mr. Waldman gives an astounding criticism of the end of 'The Constant Nymph,' Mr. Middleton Murry is castigated by Prince Mirsky, and Mr. Newdigate has something to say of Bodoni's printing.

The *National Review* deals editorially with our abandonment of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance to please America, getting neither thanks nor benefit for it. Prof. Alvord has something to say, too, of 'The Anglo-American Myth.' The most important article is that by M. Ljuba Jovanovic, President of the Serb-Croat-Slovene Parliament, on 'The Murder of Sarajevo.' We understand that this has resulted in the promise to publish all papers on the Serbian side relating to the matter. Dr. Macnaghten continues his papers on the classics with an essay on 'The Women of Sophocles,' and there is a first-rate account of 'Spanish and Basque Ball Games' by Mr. E. B. Noel.

The *Adelphi* opens with a review by Mr. Middleton Murry of 'The New Life of Keats' in which he handles the author rather severely, and *The Times* critic almost as hardly. Maxim Gorki writes on 'Knut Hamsun' with full appreciation of his extraordinary genius. Mr. Bowhay continues his 'Why Christianity Fails.' Elsewhere Mr. Murry reassures us as to the future of the *Adelphi*, and has something to say about 'William Archer and Spiritualism.'

The *World To-Day* has for its chief features reminiscences of 'Queen Victoria in Life and Death' by Mr. Emil Fuchs, 'The Long Ordeal of Joseph Caillaux' by Mr. George Dudley, an account of the 'Blond Indians from Darien Jungles' by Mr. R. O. Marsh, and an exhortation by Mr. W. V. Roberts to the 'Nearly Two Million Excess Women' to emigrate. The illustrations are excellent.

The *English Review* gives some prominence to a paper on the 'Doubts of Young Conservatives' by Mr. Harold Cox (junior) and a reply to it by the real Mr. Harold Cox, no relation to the other, on 'The Politics of Youth.' Prof. Sarolea is severe on the shortcomings of the Trade Union report on Russia. M. Stephane Lauzanne discusses the question 'Will M. Caillaux Come Back to Power?' and Mr. Kahn is concerned with 'The Dangers of Penal Taxation.'

Blackwood opens with the fresh wanderings of our old friends Jan Gordon (and Cora J. Gordon), this time 'In Lapland.' Prof. Saintsbury discourses on 'Lord John Manners and his Friends' as becomes an old Tory, and 'Musings without Method' dwell on Royalist France. The shorter stories are good and varied, the sport is hippo-shooting, and Mr. Copplestone discourses on the "desert island" of Alexander Selkirk.

The *Empire Review*, in an enlarged number, opens with a reproduction of Lord Balfour's tribute to Edward VII in 1910. Lord Birkenhead's subject this month is Hardwicke, whose services to the consolidation of Equity put him in the first rank of English judges. Mr. Peter Wright gives 'News about the Jews,' an informative paper, as is that of Mr. Phells on Osteopathy. Gen. Sykes is strong on the importance of Imperial air-communications. The most important political article is that by Mr. E. B. Austin, 'Japan and the Soviet Join Hands.' Our repudiation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has forced Japan to secure a land-route to Europe in the war-time, which is sure to come when she seizes the Philippines and advances towards Australia.

The *Calendar* opens with a paper by Mr. Wyndham Lewis, 'The Dithyrambic Spectator,' on Art, which finally settles down to a discussion of the relation of Art to the practices in Ancient Egypt. Like most of Mr. Lewis's writing, it is worth consideration even if one does not agree with it. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy has some notes on Byron and his critics. Mr. D. H. Lawrence's story goes on without progressing, Mr. Gerhardt's sketch represents the feelings of a servant girl about the drummer of a brass band. The reviewers include Mr. E. M. Forster, Mr. W. J. Turner, and Mr. Edgell Rickword.

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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE offer of £30,000,000 Conversion 3½% was an unqualified success; £83,610,000 was tendered for, and the stock was placed at approximately 2s. over the minimum price. Dealings started at ½ premium and have since remained at about this level. There must be a considerable amount of this stock held by stags, but after they have taken their profits Conversion should go better. It might appear that the market is diffident about raising the price for fear that any such movement would synchronize with a further issue, but I do not think we need fear this yet awhile. Meanwhile, the 2% sinking fund serves as a useful tonic to the market. The Budget will, of course, have a great influence on the position, and although I do not expect the dramatic pronouncement from the Chancellor which is apparently being anticipated in certain quarters, I feel sufficient confidence in Mr. Churchill to await his statement hopefully.

UNION CORPORATION

The report of the Union Corporation for the year ending December 31 last discloses, as anticipated, a highly satisfactory position. A final dividend of 3s. per share is declared, which with the 1s. 6d. interim dividend already paid, makes the total distribution for the year 4s. 6d. a share, against 4s. for 1923. The balance sheet shows shares and debenture holdings in this and other companies at £1,285,270. With reference to this valuation, it is significant that the directors state in the report that at present market prices these assets show a substantial surplus over the amount at which they stand in the balance sheet. The following table shows certain comparisons from the balance sheets for the past two years:

	1923.	1924.
Shares and Debenture Holdings ...	£ 1,241,245	£ 1,285,270
Sundry Participations ...	20,912	16,608
Debtors ...	129,536	151,367
Temporary Advances against Securities ...	613,986	713,498
Government Securities ...	239,055	303,651
Cash ...	322,941	212,590
Reserve ...	202,375	232,375
Creditors ...	1,184,032	1,530,253
Net Profit ...	301,299	348,801
Brought forward from previous year ...	79,996	81,295

I have recommended these shares in the past and do so again. At the present price of 45s. 6d. cum. dividend the yield is over 10½%. In my opinion these shares should be valued on an 8% basis and I therefore consider a purchase at the present level should yield to capital appreciation.

FRISCO MINES

The Union Corporation report contains some very interesting data with reference to the San Francisco Mines of Mexico, as shown in the following table:

	12 months to Sept. 30, 1923.	12 months to Sept. 30, 1924.	6 months to Feb. 28, 1925.
Ore milled	88,663 tons	133,590 tons	59,150 tons
Lead concentrates produced	22,444 tons	26,169 tons	9,832 tons
Zinc concentrates produced	16,159 tons	28,010 tons	11,036 tons
Net smelter returns	\$1,372,282	\$2,082,699	\$1,057,976
Operating profit	\$840,253	\$1,339,162	\$704,477
Operating profit (sterling)	£181,434	£306,521	£150,000
Net profit	£137,257	£285,752	—
Dividend	£112,690	£244,355	—
Dividend per share	1s. 6d.	3s. 3d.	—
Capital expenditure	£38,732	£42,413	£30,000
Silver, price per standard oz.	31.8d.	33.5d.	33.2d.
Lead, price per long ton	£25 19s. 9d.	£33 1s. 0d.	£38 6s. 0d.
Zinc, price per long ton	£33 13s. 4d.	£31 8s. 0d.	£35 16s. 0d.

The issued capital of the Company is £800,000 in 1,600,000 shares of 10s. each. If the rate of profit earned for the first five months of this year is maintained, the profit for the year would be £360,000. These 10s. shares appear attractive at 23s. 3d.

BUTLER'S WHARF

My attention has been drawn to the £1 Ordinary shares of Butler's Wharf, Ltd. The Company's financial year ends on March 31, and I am told that when the results for 1924 are published a satisfactory position will be disclosed. The present price of the shares is 63s. and in view of the knowledgeable buying which is in progress, of their class the shares will probably prove an attractive investment.

MANBRÉ SUGAR AND MALT LTD.

The business of Manbré Sugar & Malt, Ltd., consists of the manufacture of brewing sugar, golden syrup and other sugar preparations. In view of the increase in the world's supplies of cane and beet sugar the prospects of this Company for the current year must be good. Accounts are made up to September 30 and submitted in December. The preference shares are entitled to a cumulative dividend of 7% (payable April 1 and October 1) and then the ordinary shares to a non-cumulative 5%. A sum not exceeding one-third of the profits then remaining may, at the discretion of the board, be distributed as a rebate or otherwise among shareholding customers, and of the balance one-half will belong to the ordinary shares and one-half to the deferred shares. Therefore, for each 1% above 5% paid to the ordinary shares, approximately 7½% must be paid to the deferred. The following dividends have been paid in the last five years:

	Ordinary.	Deferred.
1919-20 ...	16%	77%
1920-21 ...	8%	21%
1921-22 ...	15%	70%
1922-23 ...	17½%	89 4/5%
1923-24 ...	17½%	90 3/5%

The present price of the deferred shares is 10½, and I recommend them for good dividends and capital appreciation.

TAURUS



BY APPOINTMENT

"If the salt hath
lost its savour—
it cannot have
been —

Cerebos
SALT

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ACROSTICS

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the following list:—

Allen and Unwin	Harrap	Murray
Bale, Sons & Danielsson	Heinemann	Nash & Grayson
Basil Blackwell	Herbert Jenkins	Odhams Press
Burns, Oates & Washbourne	Hodder & Stoughton	Putnam's
Chapman & Hall	Hodge	Routledge
Collins	Hurst and Blackett	Sampson Low
Dent	Hutchinson	Selwyn Blount
Fisher Unwin	Jarrod	S.P.C.K.
Foulis	Macmillan	Stanley Paul
Grant Richards	Melrose	The Bodley Head
Gyldendal	Mills & Bown	Ward, Lock
		Werner Laurie

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 162.

A GRISLY BALLAD, BY "MONK" LEWIS PENN'D,
TELLS OF A FAITHLESS PAIR ONE'S FEARFUL END.

1. Obtained it has been by judicious squeezing.
2. Poor weak-eyed lady, to her lord displeasing!
3. Let's hope we shall, and baffle, all our foes.
4. Quips, cranks, and youthful jollity transpire.
5. On antelopes and deer they feast and feed.
6. Half a French river is what next we need.
7. A snowy mantle hid his coat of mail.
8. This mongrel it behoves us to curtail.
9. Egyptians did—cats, crocodiles, and kings.
10. The negro minstrel loves to twang its strings.
11. Patience, and we'll annihilate the nation!
12. Of tropic folk fantastic appellation.
13. Strong, stalwart, sturdy? No, his health he nurses!
14. Obnoxious to anathemas and curses.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 160.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MEET TO TRY THEIR STRENGTH;
EACH HOPES TO WIN, IF BUT BY HALF A LENGTH.

1. Small, but my core's fell strife and battle dread.
2. From table-fowl lop off both tail and head.
3. Useful for thrusts, of no account for blows.
4. A Russian drink curtail, and then transpire.
5. Wheels within wheels who saw, his father find.
6. Alas, poor fellow, he's of unsound mind!
7. Not this it is to back the winning boat.
8. Remove the coins from them whom Joram smote.
9. 'Twas my hard task the future to foretell.
10. Often achieved by those who do not well.
11. Silent and voiceless, mute as stone or stock.
12. In Eastern seas may sometimes strike a rock.
13. Quite without bearing on the case in hand.
14. Mixed in some regions with the river-sand.
15. A flower by Scottish poets often sung.
16. Flows in full streams from many a foolish tongue.

Solution of Acrostic No. 160.

D	war	F
cA	p	On
R	apie	R
(a)K	do	V
B	uz	I ¹
L	unati	C
U	npleasan	T
E	d	Omites ²
A	ugu	R
N	otoriet	Y
D	um	B
L	orch	A ³
I	rrelevant	T
G	old-dus	T
H	arebel	L ⁴
T	waddl	E

¹ Father of the prophet Ezekiel. See Esek. i. 8-16.

² 2 Kings viii. 21. "So Joram went over to Zair, and all the chariots with him: and he rose by night, and smote the Edomites which compassed him about."

³ "A light Chinese sailing vessel, built after the European model, but rigged like a Chinese junk." The Lorcha 'Arrow' became famous in 1857. See chap. xii of Justin McCarthy's 'Short History of Our Own Times.'

⁴ The Harebell is the Blue-bell of Scotland.



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may be in one day.**

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ACROSTIC No. 160.—The winner is Mr. Ronald Smith, Broadwood, Pannal, Harrogate, who has selected as his prize 'Two Vagabonds in the Balkans,' by Jan and Cora Gordon, published by The Bodley Head and reviewed in our columns on March 28. Thirty-six other competitors named this book, 13 chose 'Reminiscences of Lionel Phillips,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT: M. G. Woodward, M. Haydon, Jay, Vixen, Lillian, Zyk, Margaret, Doric, E. G. Horner, Gay, Sansovino, G. W. Miller, Ceyx, Varach, Tyro, M. Story, Mrs. J. Butler, N. O. Sellam, Hanworth, Shorwell, Vron, Iago, Sisyphus, Balderby, Martha, and Oakapple.

ONE LIGHT WRONG: J. Chambers, Peter, Dodeka, Ruth Bevan, Stucco, R. Ransom, Quis, F. D. L., I. C. Brown, Old Mancunian, Still Waters, L. M. Maxwell, A. E. K. Wherry, Monks Hill, Jeff, C. J. Warden, D. L., F. A. Johnston, Capt. Wolseley, Boskerris, Lady Mottram, Madge, East Sheen, C. E. C., Baltho, Carlton, Zoo-zoo, Bordyke, John Lennie, E. K. P., F. M. Petty, and H. M. Vaughan.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG: Apacero, Sir Douglas Gamble, Dolmar, A. M. W. Maxwell, St. Ives, A. de V. Blathwayt, Lady Duff, J. Sutton, R. H. Boothroyd, J. D. T., Cory, and Agamemnon. All others more.

For Light 15 Heather-bell is accepted; for Light 16 (Tittle-) Tattle. For Light 9 Astrologer is inferior to Augur. It was the duty of the Augurs to foretell future events. Astrologers, for gain, profess—and still profess—to foretell them. My use of the past tense clearly pointed to Augur.

STUCCO.—You are right. In No. 158 you had only one mistake. Regret my error.

M. G. W.—Dryden's panegyric is in much too exaggerated a strain to be convincing, and the lady died very young—evidently a mere girl. In any case she cannot compare in fame to Octavia, whose renown is world-wide.

ACROSTIC No. 159.—One Light wrong: Agamemnon. Two Lights wrong: Oakapple.

BALTHO.—Intolerance, broadly speaking, is bad, but surely there are many things that ought not to be tolerated. "Injustice," says Carlyle, "remains for ever intolerable to all men whom God has made."—('Past and Present,' iii. 13). Cf. i. 3:—"Pay to every man accurately what he has worked for, what he has earned and done and deserved,—to this man broad lands and honours, to that man high gibbets and tread-mills: what more have I to ask?"

OAKAPPLE.—It was not a question of dreaming, but of realising our dreams. I really cannot accept Insomnolence.

OUR ELEVENTH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—After the Seventh Round the leaders are:—Martha; Mrs. Woodward, Old Mancunian; Baltho, Boskerris, Carlton, East Sheen, Quis, Lillian, St. Ives, Vixen; M. Story, Mrs. J. Butler, Gay, John Lennie.

NOW AND THEN

From the SATURDAY REVIEW of February 10, 1900.

"THE SOUTHERN RAILWAYS."

"The consequence . . . has been such unpunctuality and such bad rolling stock that the name of the South-Eastern Railway became a by-word among travellers. Had the money thus squandered been spent in doubling the line from London Bridge to Tonbridge Junction and on sidings and other facilities for traffic, the company would now be one of the most prosperous in the kingdom.

"Between Hither Green and Tonbridge is one of the finest residential districts near London. All that is necessary to make this neighbourhood a veritable gold mine is an intelligent catering for the traffic. The two systems serve a number of favourite watering-places from Herne Bay to Hastings. A short time ago the manager of one of the great trunk lines said: 'There is no limit to the profits to be made by a line which taps London; it is such an enormous centre of population that you can command any amount of traffic if you will only cater for it and please your customers.'

"Of the future prospects of the Brighton Company we cannot take . . . a hopeful view. The board is too conservative and wants an infusion of fresh blood. The directors have taken about four years to double the line from Croydon to Redhill; at this rate how many years will it be before there are four lines to Brighton? and how long do they intend to take over the enlargement of Victoria Station? Residents on the line complain most bitterly of unpunctuality and other grievances, which can only be remedied by the spending of large sums of money to meet the increase of traffic of the last few years."

MOTORIZING

ROAD COURTESIES

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

AT Easter a large number of motor cars are delivered to their purchasers, among whom are always many novices. Users of the highway must not, therefore, be surprised if certain accepted courtesies of the road are ignored by such newcomers. Even experienced drivers sometimes forget that motor cars must stop if signalled to do so by anyone in charge of a horse, and, moreover, not only stop the vehicle itself, but also the engine, in case its noise should startle the horse. The law as it stands at present makes it an offence not to do so, quite apart from the fact that it is one of those road courtesies which every driver should willingly observe. To-day, as a rule, it is only in the neighbourhood of Epsom, Newmarket, and other horse-training centres that motorists are called upon to exercise this consideration for nervous horses. At the same time it is always better to slow down when passing horses in country lanes.

It was unfortunate that a spectator was injured on the occasion of the recent Essex Motor Club's hill-climbing contest at Kop Hill near Prince's Risborough. This was really due to the spectators standing too close to the roadway and not being content to see the performance from a safe distance. The courtesies of the road were ignored by the general public. The public acknowledge the right of none but uniformed officials to give them orders to "stand back," and the honorary marshals were quite unable to keep the course clear. The Royal Automobile Club were warned this winter that granting permits for speed hill-climbing contests on public thoroughfares was a risky practice; cars and motor cycles travel too fast nowadays in such runs, so that should a skid or a lump in the road throw them out of the driver's control for a moment, there is danger to the public. After this warning the Royal Automobile Club issued a circular to those organizing these contests, laying down certain rules and regulations, and pointing out that it was only by the goodwill of the public, the police, and the local authorities that such contests could take place as the law stands. Yet at the first important fixture after the issue of this circular an accident happens.

At a specially convened meeting of the Competitions Committee of the Royal Automobile Club the following resolution was unanimously passed:

Owing to the apparently insuperable difficulties that have been experienced in controlling the spectators in places to which the public have the right of access, the R.A.C. has reluctantly decided to withhold for the present all permits for speed contests on the public highways.

It was stated that the Club is most anxious to encourage the sporting side of motoring, but until organizing clubs can show that they are in a position effectively to control the ever-increasing crowds attracted to these events, it feels that it is its duty to refuse permission for them to be held. The blame for the present situation, it was added, does not lie at the door of the promoting bodies, nor are the competitors responsible. It is simply and solely the fault of a selfish minority of the spectators who refuse to listen to the requests of officials who are acting as much in the interests of the general public as of the competitors.

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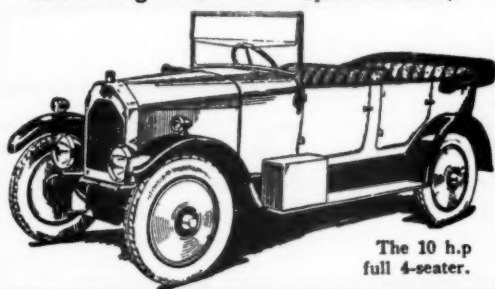
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'Saturday Review' Competitions

APRIL 11, 1925

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Extracted from the Report for the year 31st December, 1924, to be submitted at the Annual Meeting in Johannesburg on May 18th, 1925.

(165,150 tons milled.)

Per ton milled.

Total Working Revenue</
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Leaving a balance unappropriated of

267,691 15 11
£95,692 18 8

Payable Ore Reserves (fully developed) at 31st December, 1924, were estimated at 187,684 mining tons, of an average value of 12 dwts. over a stopping width of 56 inches. These reserves have been paid for out of past profits.

The total Dividends and Bonuses paid by the Company aggregate £3,615,308 19 0

The full Report and Accounts may be obtained from the London Secretary, WILLIAM H. HARRIES, 170, Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C.2.

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(Incorporated in the Transvaal.)

LIMITED

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DIRECTORATE.

J. H. CROSBY (Deputy-Chairman).
J. MUNRO.S. B. JOEL, J.P. (Chairman).
J. G. LAWN, C.B.E.
G. IMROTH.D. CHRISTOPHERSON, C.B.E.
and G. J. JOEL, M.C.

Extracted from the Annual Report to 31st December, 1924

Tons crushed, 1,874,000, yielding 840,212 fine ounces of gold.

Per ton, based on
tonnage crushed.

Total Working Revenue	£3,943,530 12 0	£2 2 1
Total Working Costs	1,633,790 9 11	0 17 5
Working Profit	£2,309,740 2 1	£1 4 8
Rents, Sundry Revenue, Interest Refund from Victoria Falls and Transvaal Power Co., Ltd., etc.	77,552 6 11	
Balance unappropriated at 31st December, 1923	171,337 13 2	
		£2,558,630 2 2
This amount has been dealt with as follows:—		
Government's Share of Profits, 1924	£1,311,289 19 3	
Income Tax, Employers' Tax, Miners' Phthisis Sanatoria, Dona- tions, etc.	13,932 4 7	
Funds appropriated for Capital Expenditure	78,492 8 3	
Dividends Nos. 14 and 15 of 32½% each	910,000 0 0	
		2,313,714 12 1
Leaving a balance unappropriated of		£244,915 10 1

The Ore Reserves at the end of the year were estimated at 10,970,000 tons, of an average value of 9.1 dwts, over a stopping width of 72 inches.

The full Reports and Accounts may be obtained from the London Agents, The Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Co., Ltd., 10/11, Austin Friars, London, E.C.2.

VAN RYN DEEP, LIMITED

(Incorporated in the Transvaal.)

Issued Capital, £1,196,892, in 1,196,892 Shares of £1 each

DIRECTORATE.

J. H. CROSBY (Chairman).
S. B. JOEL, J.P.
J. MUNRO,
J. G. LAWN, C.B.E.
SIR WM. DALRYMPLE, K.B.E.SIR ABE BAILEY, Bart.
G. J. JOEL, M.C.
and A. J. ANDERSON.

Extracted from Annual Report to 31st December, 1924

Tons crushed, 790,000; yielding 351,978 fine ounces of gold.

Per ton, based on
tonnage crushed.

Total Working Revenue	£1,647,960 7 4	£2 1 9
Total Working Costs	759,961 10 3	0 19 3
Working Profit	£887,998 8 1	£1 2 6
Rents, Interest, Sundry Revenue, and Refund from Victoria Falls and Transvaal Power Co., Ltd.	27,959 0 1	
Balance unappropriated at 31st December, 1923	70,301 0 11	
		£986,258 9 1
This amount has been dealt with as follows:—		
Income Tax, Dividend Tax, Employers' Tax, Miners' Phthisis Sanatoria and Donations	£128,201 8 7	
Funds appropriated for Capital Expenditure	2,275 6 8	
Dividends Nos. 22 and 23 of 30% and 32½% respectively	746,057 10 0	
		878,534 5 3
Leaving a balance unappropriated of		£107,724 3 10

The Ore Reserves at the end of the year were estimated at 3,655,000 tons, with a value of 7.5 dwts, over a stopping width of 76 inches.

The full Reports and Accounts may be obtained from the London Agents, The Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Co., Ltd., 10/11, Austin Friars, London, E.C.2.

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